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BIOGRAPHY.*

To the lover of books there are few more fascinating or more indispensable companions than the great "Dictionary of National Biography," which, with the issue of its supplement, has just been brought (for the time being) to a close. The man who has on his shelves, and within easy reach, the sixty-six volumes of this monumental work need never be at a loss for intellectual nourishment and stimulus. Whatever may be his mood, grave or frivolous, strenuous or desultory, whether he wishes to graze, or, as one sometimes does, only to browse, he can hardly fail, as he turns over these infinitely varied pages, to find what fits his taste. Literature in our days tends to become more and more specialized; there are vast and ever-increasing tracts which are made inaccessible to the general reader by technicalities of dialect and of form; but in the written records of the lives of men and women we have all a common territory, inexhaustible in its range, perennial in its interest, from which pedantry itself cannot shut us out. It seemed to me, therefore, when the promise which, many months ago, I improvidently made to address the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution,

was at last coming home to roost, that I might do worse than speak to you this evening for a few moments on Biography as a form of literary art.

I do not propose to theorize at length upon the subject. It might, indeed, almost be said that the good biography, like the good biographer, is born, not made. There is no kind of composition for which it is more futile to attempt to lay down rules; none in which it is more difficult *à priori* to say why one man should succeed, and another, with equal knowledge, better brains, and a readier pen, should ignominiously fail. We can easily enumerate a number of qualities, some of them commonplace enough, which the ideal biographer ought to possess—quick observation, a retentive memory, a love of detail, a dash of hero-worship. We can also say, negatively, that it is not the least necessary to the production of an immortal biography that the writer—or, for that matter, the subject either—should be a man of genius. But no theory, either of faculty, opportunity or environment will enable one to explain the supreme art, indefinable, incommunicable, which could create, say, such a masterpiece as Boswell's "Johnson." Still it may, I think, be worth

* An address delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on November 15, 1901.

while to endeavor, not as a mere speculation, but by the aid of concrete examples, to realize, if we can, some of the conditions which go to the making, and which account for the charm of a good biography.

There is, I need hardly say, a wide difference from the point of view both of the reader and the writer, between the summary and condensed record of a life in a dictionary, and a biography in the larger and fuller sense of the term. But, though the products of different literary methods, both depend for their interest upon their appeal to, and their satisfaction of, the same kind of intellectual curiosity, to the true lover of biography it matters comparatively little how much space the man of whom he is reading occupied in the eyes of contemporaries, or retains in the judgment of posterity. The interest of the life depends far more on the stature of the man than on the scale of his achievements. It must, no doubt, be admitted that there is a peculiar fascination in trying to pierce through the gloom which veils the life-history of some of the most famous of our race.

To take an obvious, and at the same time an extreme, instance, few things are more interesting to watch than the attempts of scholars and critics, like Dowden and Brandes and Sidney Lee, to reconstruct the life of a man at once so illustrious and so obscure as the greatest of our poets. The case of Shakespeare presents, perhaps, the strangest array of difficulties and paradoxes in the whole range of biography. The most splendid genius of his own or any other time has left behind him hardly a single undisputed trace of his own personality. There has not been preserved so much as a single line in his own handwriting of any of his poems or plays. Such of the plays as were published in his lifetime seem to have been printed from stage

copies—to a large extent by literary pirates. The apparently unbroken indifference of the greatest of all artists not only to posthumous fame, but to the safeguarding against defacement or loss of his own handiwork, is without precedent or parallel. The date and order of his plays, the identity of the "only begetter" of the Sonnets, the manner in which his wealth was acquired, the unproductiveness of his last five years—he died at fifty-two, the same age as Napoleon—his easy acquiescence in the sleek humdrum and the homely dissipations of social and civic life in a small provincial town—that all these questions, and a hundred more, should still be matters of conjecture and controversy is a unique fact in literary history. What else but this tantalizing twilight has made it possible for even the most distraught ingenuity to construct the great Baconian hypothesis? which, by the way, an accomplished critic has only this month so admirably capped by the counter-theory—for which there is at least as much to be said—that it was really Shakespeare who wrote the so-called works of Bacon. The task which confronts the writer of a life like Shakespeare's is not to transcribe and vivify a record; it is rather to solve a problem by the methods of hypothesis and inference. His work is bound to be, not so much an essay in biography, as in the more or less scientific use of the biographic imagination. The difficulty is, of course, infinitely enhanced in this particular case by the impersonal quality of most of Shakespeare's writings—a quality which I myself am heretic enough to believe extends to by far the greater part of the Sonnets. We do not know that the greatest teacher of antiquity wrote a single line. Shakespeare, who died less than three hundred years ago, must have written well over a hundred thousand. And yet, thanks to Plato and Xenophon,

we have a far more definite and vivid acquaintance with the man Socrates than we shall ever have with the man Shakespeare.

But, dismissing problems of this kind, which have to be judged by a standard of their own, let me say a word first of that form of biography in which success is at once rarest and, when achieved, most complete—autobiography. It may, I think, be laid down, as a maxim of experience, without undue severity, that few autobiographies are really good literature. And the reason lies upon the surface. Self-consciousness is, as a rule, fatal to art, and yet self-consciousness is the essence of autobiography. No man ever sat down to write his own life, not even John Stuart Mill, without becoming for the time an absorbed and concentrated egotist. It is because he is, for the moment at least, so profoundly interesting to and interested in himself, that he feels irresistibly impelled to take posterity into his confidence. The result too often is one of the most unappetizing products of the literary kitchen—a nauseating compound of insincerity and unreserve. And yet in the hands of a true artist there is hardly any form of composition which has the same interest and charm. Even Dr. Johnson said that every man's life may best be written by himself. Take, for instance, that which is, I suppose, at once the most shameless and the most successful specimen of its class, the "Confessions" of Rousseau. His object, he tells us, was to show a man (meaning himself) in all the truth of nature, and his belief is (as he also avows) that no reader, after going through the "Confessions" will be able to declare himself a better man than their author. It is amazing, at first sight, that he can imagine that such a belief will be able to survive the disclosure which he proceeds to make, of ungoverned impulse, of infirmity

and even of baseness. As Mr. Morley says: "Other people wrote polite histories of their outer lives, amply colored with romantic recollection. Rousseau, with unquailing veracity, plunged into the inmost depths, hiding nothing that would be likely to make him either ridiculous or hateful in common opinion, and inventing nothing that could attract much sympathy or much admiration." Or, again, in the words of Mr. Leslie Stephen, "he found realities so painful that he swore they must be dreams, as dreams were so sweet that they must be true realities." And the same writer sums up his point of view in a sentence of singular felicity when he adds that: "Rousseau represents the strange combination of a kind of sensual appetite for pure and simple pleasures." There are few more difficult questions than that which is constantly presenting itself to the reader of Rousseau, namely, what ought to be the limit of unreserve in autobiography, if indeed there ought to be any limit at all. You will remember how Boswell was rash enough on one occasion to say to Dr. Johnson, "Sir, I am sometimes troubled with a disposition to stinginess," and Johnson replied, "So am I, sir, but I do not tell it."

The great autobiographies of the world are to be found in many different shapes. Some of the best are spiritual and largely introspective, like St. Augustine's "Confessions," or Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," or Newman's "Apologia." Sometimes, again, they veil or color under the form of fiction the personal experience of the writer, as in "Consuelo," or "David Copperfield," or "Villette." Sometimes, without losing the note of egotism, they are frankly objective and mundane, as in the case of Benvenuto Cellini, and to a large extent of Gibbon. But all that are worthy of a place in this the highest class have one thing in common.

They are authentic human documents—the very mirror of the writer's personality, and it is by that quality that they make an appeal to us, more vivid because more direct, than any narrative by another hand.

I will not venture on any critical estimate of the famous works which I have just named. But let me take, by way of illustrating this branch of the subject, a less known, but, to my thinking, a hardly less remarkable book—the "Autobiography of Benjamin Robert Haydon," the painter, one of the most tragic figures in the history of art. The gigantic canvases by which he confidently expected to achieve not only fame but immortality—his "Lazarus," which he sometimes thought his masterpiece, covers nearly three hundred square feet—are perhaps as good an illustration as can be found of the difference between the grandiose and the great. He is probably best remembered in these days by Wordsworth's noble sonnet addressed to him as a fellow-worker in the school of "creative art"—

High is our calling, friend.

But Haydon, though cursed with a vain and violent temperament, a prey to ambitions always in excess of his powers of execution, perpetually hovering on the confines of the insanity to which he at last succumbed, was one of the acutest and most accomplished critics, and on the whole the most strenuous and indomitable controversialist of his time. In his journal and his unfinished autobiography he discloses to us his own personality with a freedom from reticence not unworthy of Rousseau, though you will look in vain in Rousseau or any of his imita-

tors for Haydon's simplicity and sincerity. There is not a single phase of his experiences, from the day when he records how, at the age of eighteen, he left his home at Plymouth for London, full of buoyant self-confidence, down to the last pathetic entry, when, in front of his easel, and amid the wreckage of his ideals and his ambitions, he was about to take up the pistol with which he put an end to his life—in the whole of that long, strenuous, disheartening pilgrimage there is nothing that he thought, felt, did or failed to do that is not set down faithfully and without reserve. Haydon was an egotist, afflicted by an almost diseased vanity, but no reader can doubt the substantial truth of his picture of himself.¹

No picture of a man, however, whether by himself or by others, is either true or adequate which does not give us also his environment. It is here that so many autobiographies, being little more than the outpouring of self-consciousness, disappoint and baffle us. But here, again, Haydon appears to me to merit a high place. He is said to have been an indifferent painter of portraits with the brush. If he was, it was not, as these pages show, from a lack of power either to observe and remember superficial traits of appearance and manner, or—at least when his prejudices were asleep—to penetrate the depths of character. You will, I think, be grateful if I give you a few illustrations selected almost at random from a long and varied gallery. Here is a glimpse or two of his celebrated contemporaries, Hazlitt, the critic; and Jeremy Bentham, the philosopher. "What a singular compound," he says of Hazlitt, "this man was of malice,

¹ In 1846, two months before his tragic death, Haydon opened an exhibition of his pictures at the Egyptian Hall. But Tom Thumb, the American dwarf, proved a greater attraction. On April 21, Haydon notes in his diary: "Tom

Thumb had 12,000 people last week. R. B. Haydon 133½ (the ½ a little girl)." Mr. Birrell recalls the lines:

All London flocks to see a dwarf,
And leaves a Haydon dying.

candor, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy and conceit. One day I called on him and found him arranging his hair before a glass, trying different effects, and asking my advice whether he should show his forehead more or less. Bentham lived next door. We used to see him bustling away in his sort of half running walk in his garden. Both Hazlitt and I often looked with a longing eye from the windows at the white-haired philosopher in his leafy shelter, his head the finest and most venerable ever placed on human shoulders. . . . Once, I remember," he goes on, "Bentham came to see Leigh Hunt in Surrey Jail, and played battledore and shuttlecock with him. Hunt told me after of the profound powers of Bentham's mind. He proposed, said Hunt, a reform in the handle of the battledore." No abuse was too vast, and it would seem that no abuse was too small, to escape the reforming passion of the great Utilitarian. Elsewhere he says of Hazlitt—and this, I think, is a very remarkable picture—"As for Hazlitt, it is not to be believed how the destruction of Napoleon affected him. He seemed prostrated in mind and body. He walked about unwashed, unshaved, hardly sober by day, and always intoxicated by night, until at length, wakening as it were from his stupor, he at once left off all stimulating liquors, and never touched them after"—surely one of the quaintest occasions for taking the pledge in the whole history of total abstinence.

Then, again, let me give you a portrait of Wilkie, our great Fife painter, who was his fellow-student, and his best friend through life. They visited Paris together in 1814, after the first overthrow of Napoleon. Haydon says that "notwithstanding that Paris was filled with all the nations of the earth, the greatest oddity in it was unquestionably David Wilkie. His horrible French, his strange tottering, feeble

look, his carrying about his prints to make bargains with printsellers, his resolute determination—here I seem to see something of the soil from which he sprang—never to leave the restaurants till he got his change right to a centime, his long disputes about sous and demi-sous with the *dame du comptoir*, while the Madame tried to cheat him, and as she pressed her pretty ringed fingers on his arm without making the least impression, her 'Mals, monsieur,' and his Scottish 'Mals, madame,' were worthy of Molière." Or again, in a different vein, he tells us how he breakfasted with Wordsworth, and Wordsworth, speaking of three of the greatest men of his time, Burke, Fox and Pitt, said: "You always went from Burke with your mind filled; from Fox with your feelings excited; and from Pitt with wonder at his having the power to make the worse appear the better reason." One is reminded of Porson's remark, that while Pitt carefully considered his sentences before he uttered them, Fox threw himself into the middle of his, and left it to God Almighty to get him out again.

Here is another of Haydon's sketches—the sketch of a money-lender—one of the fraternity to whom he paid in the course of his life a long series of unsatisfactory visits. This is his first experience. He says: "When you deal with a rascal turn him to the light. I got him to the light. His eyes shrank, his face was the meanest I ever saw; the feeble mouth, little nose, brassy eyes, blotched skin, low forehead and fetid smell all announced a reptile." And afterwards, when after a more extended experience of this gentleman and his kind, he found himself at last in the King's Bench prison, arrested for debt, he writes—and this is characteristic of the man: "King's Bench. Well! I am in prison. So were Bacon, Raleigh and Cervantes." He came

here to Edinburgh in 1821 to exhibit one of his prodigious canvases, and it may be interesting to you to know his first impressions of this great city. "The season in Edinburgh," he says, "is the severest part of the winter. Princes Street in a clear sunset, with the Castle and the Pentland Hills in radiant glory, and the crowd illumined by the setting sun, was a sight perfectly original. First you would see limping Sir Walter, with Lord Meadowbank; then tripped Jeffrey, keen, restless and fidgety; you then met Wilson or Lockhart, or Allan or Thompson, or Raeburn, as if all had agreed to make their appearance at once."

Of Keats, he writes: "The last time I ever saw him was at Hampstead, lying on a white bed with a book, hectic and on his back, irritable in his weakness, and wounded at the way he had been used. He seemed to be going out of life with a contempt of this world and no hope of the other." Or, finally, to close my series of impressions from this storehouse of living portraits, take what he says of Scott and Wordsworth, who had spent the morning with him together: "It is singular how success and the want of it operate on two extraordinary men—Walter Scott and Wordsworth. Scott enters a room and sits at table with the coolness and self-possession of a conscious fame; Wordsworth, with a mortified elevation of head, as if fearful he was not estimated as he desired. Scott is always cool and very amusing; Wordsworth often egotistical and overwhelming. Scott seems to appear less than he really is, while Wordsworth struggles to be thought at the moment greater than he is suspected to be. I think that Scott's success would have made Wordsworth insufferable, while Wordsworth's failure would not have rendered Scott a whit less delightful. Scott is the companion of nature in all her feelings and freaks; while Words-

worth follows her like an apostle sharing her solemn moods and impressions." I do not think it would be possible to present a more vivid contrast in fewer words between two great and distinguished men.

But I must leave autobiography and turn for a few moments to biography in the stricter sense—the writing of one man's life by another. In that form of literature, no language is richer than ours; it may be doubted whether any language is so rich. "Colonel Hutchinson's Life" by his wife, Roger North's "Lives of the Norths," Boswell's "Johnson," Lockhart's "Scott," Carlyle's "Sterling," Stanley's "Arnold," Lewis's "Goethe," Mrs. Gaskell's "Charlotte Brontë," Trevelyan's "Macaulay"—these are only the titles which first suggest themselves in a brilliant and inexhaustible catalogue. Yet, with the single but large exception of fiction, there is no form of writing which lends itself so readily to the production of that which is trivial and ephemeral. It is hardly necessary to rule out, from the point of view of art, the monuments which filial piety or misdirected friendship is constantly raising to those who deserved and probably desired to be forgotten. Equally to be excluded, from the same point of view, is biography written with a purpose—a class of which those of us who were carefully brought up can recall not a few doleful specimens. Mr. Disraeli speaks somewhere, I think, in "Coningsby," of a voluminous history which once had a great vogue as "Mr. Wordy's History of the War, in twenty volumes, to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories." The same taint of perhaps a laudable but certainly irrelevant purpose hangs about the didactic or edifying biography. It is not the function of a biography to be a magnified epitaph or an expanded tract. Its business is the vivid delineation of a person, and for its success there are two

obvious conditions—first, that the person delineated should have the power of permanently interesting his fellow-men; and, next, that the delineator should be able to recall him to life. The enormous increase, not only in the number but in the popularity of this class of books, is probably due more to the growth of the first class than the second. Man's interest in man is always growing, but from the nature of the case there is not and never can be an academy of biographers.

And here it may be worth noting that some of the most interesting personalities are the more elusive, and, therefore, the worst subjects for biography. There is about them a kind of bouquet which, after they are gone, can never be revived. For their friends, they might be brought back to life by the reminiscence of some slight, perhaps trivial, characteristic. It may be a trait or even a trick, a gesture, the inflexion of a voice, the turn of a phrase. But for those who never knew them, not even the highest and subtlest art can reproduce them as they really were. We have all of us known such men. The late master of Balliol, Mr. Jowett, was one. Lord Bowen, I think, was another. But let us suppose that the character and the life can be reproduced. What is the secret of the art which can make them live again? Sometimes, of course, the biographer may be said not so much to recreate as to create his hero. One cannot help feeling a suspicion of the kind in reading a book like Carlyle's "Life of Sterling." Sometimes, on the other hand, his function is exactly the opposite, and he is content to let his hero tell his own tale out of his own sayings or letters. An admirable example is Mr. Colvin's well-known edition of the "Letters of Stevenson." The best selection of letters is, however, an inadequate substitute

for a real biography. Indeed, one often feels that if he were given fewer of a man's letters to his friends, and more of his friends' letters to him, we should get to know him better, because among other reasons, we should be better able to realize how his personality affected and appealed to others.

Look for a moment to the list of famous Lives which I enumerated a little time ago, and you will find in them at any rate, one common feature. With the single exception of Lewes's "Goethe," there is not one of these great biographies which was not written either by a near relative or an intimate friend. The authors were, no doubt, all of them, in their degree literary artists; but we can measure the enormous advantage to the biographer of personal intimacy when we compare the result of their own, or in some cases of still greater writers' attempts to bring back to life those whom they have never known in the flesh. "And did you once see Shelley plain?" asks Robert Browning. To have "seen Shelley plain" would have been indeed a godsend to some of the accomplished gentlemen who have contributed to "the chatter about Harriet." The drawbacks of intimacy for this purpose are, of course, sufficiently obvious. The bias of kinship, the blindness of discipleship, are undeniable hindrances to just and even-handed judgment. But the true biographer is not a judge. He has no theory of his hero; he presents him to us as he appeared to those among whom he acted and moved and suffered; the living figure of a man whom we feel we should recognize in another world; a figure, moreover, which is not always the same, which grows and changes under the stress of circumstance; a figure which the biographer, from his own store of direct knowledge, has, as it were, to be constantly recharging with life. It is this quality which gives vividness, charm,

undying freshness to the pages of Boswell and Lockhart. The biographer who has not this advantage and has to seek for it elsewhere is often in sore straits for the material which he needs. Do you remember Dr. Johnson's account, at Mr. Dilly's dinner, of his strenuous, but not very successful, quest for authentic memories of Dryden? There were two people who had known Dryden well still alive—M'Swinney and Cibber. And what had they to tell? M'Swinney's only information was that "At Wills's coffee-house Dryden had a particular chair set for himself by the fire in winter, and called his winter chair, and it was carried out for him to the balcony in summer, and then called his summer chair." Cibber could only say: "He was a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Wills's." There is no nutrition to be got out of chopped straw like this. Boswell: "Yet Cibber was a man of observation." Boswell: "I think not."

Let me again take by way of illustration not a celebrated book, one which in these days has probably few readers, a book in which a wife tells the story of a man who was in his time a solid and fruitful worker in business, in politics and in literature. I mean "The Personal Life of George Grote," by his widow, Harriet Grote, published in 1873. Grote was not a genius, but he was a man of many interests and activities—a banker, for many years member for the City of London, a politician who advocated with serene and irrepressible courage unpopular causes, and who at last, in despair at the inertness of the public opinion of his time, abandoned public life, devoted himself to research, and gave up twelve years to writing "The History of Greece." Mrs. Grote, who was a woman of strong individuality, tells us in her preface how, late on in his life, her husband one day came into her room, and finding her poring over papers,

asked, "What are you so busy over, Harriet?" "Well, I am arranging some materials for a sketch of your life." "My life," exclaimed Grote, "there is absolutely nothing to tell." "Not in the way of adventure, I grant, but there is something nevertheless—your life is the history of a Mind." "That is it," he rejoined with animation. "But can you tell it?" A conjugal query. But Mrs. Grote had no doubt about the answer, and proceeded with her task. Happily for its interest as a biography, the book is something very different from "the history of a mind." Even the great Goethe himself becomes barely endurable when he soliloquizes over the stages of his own mental development.

Mrs. Grote had a keen eye, and the selective judgment which is peculiarly necessary when a wife undertakes to write the life of her husband. Grote fell early in life among the Utilitarians, and was brought in due course by James Mill to the feet of Jeremy Bentham. You have had one picture of the Patriarch already from the pen of Haydon. Here is a sidelight on the same subject from Mrs. Grote: "Mr. Bentham," she says, "being a man of easy fortune, kept a good table, and took pleasure in receiving guests at his board, though never more than one at a time. To his one guest he would talk fluently, yet without caring to listen in his turn." To this convivial monologue Mr. Grote seems now and again to have had the honor of being admitted. His engagement to Harriet Lewin, who became his wife and biographer, was protracted by business and other difficulties beyond the ordinary span. He sought to appease his impatience by learning German, playing on the 'cello and drenching himself with political economy. I quote a typical entry, dated 1818, from the diary which he kept for his lady: "Dined alone. Read some scenes in Schiller's

'Don Carlos.' After reading these I practised on the bass for about an hour. Then drank tea, and read Adam Smith's incomparable chapter on the Mercantile System until eleven, when I went to bed." That is how the young Utilitarians whiled away their solitary evenings. At last they married. Things were not at first altogether easy. Mrs. George Grote, as she calls herself, had, she tells us with delightful frankness, "numerous friends and connections among the aristocratic portion of society;" but, as she says, "the aversion at this early period of his life to everything tinctured with aristocratic tastes and forms of opinion which animated G. G.'s mind obliged his wife to relinquish her intercourse with almost all families of rank and position rather than displease her (somewhat intolerant) partner." Another drawback was—again to quote her own words—that "the elder Mr. Grote bore very little share in the labors of the banking house during these ten years, but appropriated the greater portion of the profits."

Mrs. Grote gives an animated narrative, which will not bear abridgement, of her husband's public life, with its strenuous labors and many disappointments, and of the tranquil and industrious later years which were consecrated to scholarship and philosophy. It is full of vivid sketches of men and events, with not a few of those living touches which light up the past for us—as, for example, when she records that in 1837 Lord William Bentinck, the famous Governor-General of India, calling on her after a dinner party, said: "I thought your American very pleasant company, and it was a surprise to me, for I never in my life before met an American in society." It would seem that the world gets rounder as the years roll on. In 1855 the twelfth and last volume of the great History

was published, and Mrs. Grote determined to signalize the event. "I had," she says, "a bowl of punch brewed at Christmas for our little household at History Hut (Grote's workshop) in celebration of the completion of the *opus magnum*, Grote himself sipping the delicious mixture with great satisfaction, while manifesting little emotion outwardly."

This homely scene calls up, if only by way of contrast, the accounts which still greater writers than Grote have given of a like event in their lives. The passage in Gibbon's "Memoirs" is deservedly famous, but it will bear re-quoting: "It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate. The sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious." Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in his excellent edition of "Gibbon's Life," reminds us in this context of Carlyle's description, in a letter to Emerson, of the completion of his "French Revolution:" "You, I hope, can have little conception of the feeling with which I wrote the last word of it, one night in early January, when the clock was striking ten, and our frugal Scotch supper coming

in. I did not cry; I did not pray; but could have done both." Grote sipping his punch, Carlyle sitting down to his oatmeal, Gibbon pacing the acacia walk, each having finished a task which had added a masterpiece to literature—these are figures which deserve to live in the memory.

In truth, the picture which we carry about with us of some of the most illustrious men is created, not so much by the rounded and measured story of their lives, as by a single act or incident or sentence which stands out from the pages, whether of the best or of the most inadequate biography. I think it is Boswell who quotes Plutarch to the effect that it is very often "an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest signs or the most important battles." It is so with Bentley, who lives by virtue of a single saying, to many who know little or nothing of the letters of Phalaris or the history of Trinity College. "It was said to old Bentley"—I am quoting from "The Tour to the Hebrides"—"upon the attacks against him—'Why, they'll write you down.' 'No, sir,' he replied, 'depend upon it, no man was ever written down but by himself.'" Or take the notable answer of Bolingbroke, when it was suggested to him that he should make some rejoinder to the virulent assaults of Bishop Warburton: "I never wrestle with a chimney sweeper." Or, again (you will forgive me for a moment, and not be unduly shocked by a bit of bad language), when on the field of Waterloo, Lord Uxbridge, riding by the side of the Duke of Wellington, lost his leg, the cannon shot which struck him having first passed over the withers of the Duke's charger, "Copenhagen;" "By God, I've lost my leg," cried Uxbridge. "Have you, by God?" was all the Duke's reply. You all remember the page in Lockhart which describes how,

on the occasion of George IV's visit to this city, Sir Walter Scott, having claimed for his own the glass in which the king had just drunk his health, and reverently placed it in his pocket, found on his return home that Crabbe had arrived as his guest, and in his joy and excitement at greeting the poet, sat down upon the royal present and crushed it into fragments. Could anything be more characteristic of the man? Or—to take one other illustration from the memories of this place—what can be at once more illuminating and more pathetic than the last words of Dr. Adam, the head of the High School, who had numbered Scott himself, and Brougham, and Jeffrey among his pupils: "But it grows dark. Boys, you may go." It is by seizing on incidents like these, small in themselves, but revealing as with a sudden flash the heights and depths of character, that biography brings back to life the illustrious dead.

Let me give you an Oriental apologue, which is not beside the point. "I forbid you," said the tyrannical Emperor to the Chief of the Tribunal of History, "to speak a word more of me." The Mandarin began to write. "What are you doing now?" asked the Emperor. "I am writing down the order your Majesty has just given me." The Mandarin was a born biographer.

But I feel that I am becoming garrulous, and that it is time to bring to a close this desultory and far from philosophical discourse. Much has been left unsaid. Upon one vexed question in the ethics of biography, which was debated with much vehemence a few years ago, first over Mr. Froude's "Memoirs of Carlyle," and then over Mr. Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning," I will only remind you of Voltaire's saying: "We owe consideration to the living; to the dead we owe truth only." The abiding interest of biography for each of us depends after all

upon our estimate of the worth and reality of human life. Byron in one of his early letters—I quote from the new edition by which Mr. Prothero has laid all lovers of literature under a heavy debt—expresses in his characteristic way the cynical view: “When one subtracts from life infancy (which is vegetation), sleep, eating and swilling, buttoning and unbuttoning—how much remains of downright existence? The summer of a dormouse.” If so, the less said about it, the sooner it is forgotten, the better. But, in truth, it is because we all feel that life is to us the most serious of realities that we crave to know more of the lives of others. As Emerson says: “The essentials in it—youth and love, grief and action—we all share; the difference of circumstance is only costume.” And thus the reading of biography becomes something more than a form of literary recreation. True, it furnishes the memory with a portrait gallery of interesting faces. True, it makes history and philosophy and poetry vivid with the personalities of the men to whom we owe great causes, great systems, great thoughts. But it does more than this. It brings comfort, it

enlarges sympathy, it expels selfishness, it quickens aspiration. “I console myself,” says Emerson again, “in the poverty of my thoughts, in the paucity of great men, in the malignity and dulness of the nations, by falling back on these recollections, and seeing what the prolific soul could beget on actual nature. Then I dare; I also will essay to be.” And if at times we are tempted, as who is not? to doubt the ultimate purpose and meaning of human existence, when we think of the millions of lives which deserve no record—lives “which came to nothing,” lives full of “deeds as well undone”—we must take refuge in the faith to which, in lines that ought not to die, Edward Fitzgerald has given noble and moving expression:—

For like a child sent with a fluttering
light,
To feel his way along a gusty night,
Man walks the world. Again, and yet
again,
The lamp shall be by fits of passion
slain;
But shall not he who sent him from
the door
Relight the lamp once more, and yet
once more?

H. H. Asquith.

The National Review.

THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP.

“There were giants in those days,” is the Pessimist’s favorite quotation, for invariably he sees giants in the days behind us, and pigmies in the days before. In the past there were picturesque romance, the clash of swords, the flash of shields, the glory of resplendent doublets; in the present there are dust and grime and pettiness and monotony, the dull sable sameness of civilized life. In the past there were Raphael and Correggio; in the

present there is the cinematograph. In the past there were the harpsichord and the viol, and the lute of the troubadour; in the present there is the patent paper-wound automaton which groans out our music for us. In the past there were Homer and Virgil and Petrarch; in the present there is the omniscient encyclopædia-laden journalist. In the past there were the love of Isaac for the daughter of Bethuel, the love of Angelo for Vittoria, the love of

Dante for Beatrice; in the present there are the convenient marriages of princes and princesses, ill-imitated by the proletariat, who seek not a bride but the capital for a small shop, not a woman to love and to be loved, but a sordid partner in a domestic establishment where liability is unlimited. In the past there was the friendship of David and Jonathan, of Orestes and Pylades, of Pilny and Tacitus, of Anthony and Cæsar, of Locke and Mollneux, of Swift and Pope; in the present there is the large circle of acquaintances, as the funeral paragraph invariably describes it.

It can probably be said for the Pessimist that, often as he is wrong, in respect to friendship he is nearest to the truth. There is reason for a suspicion, if not more than a suspicion, that the art of friendship is dead amongst us. The friendship of the ancients, both of Greece and of Rome, was very exacting. In modern times we should look a long day for such mutual regard as that of Damon and Pythias, which softened the heart of Dionysius himself. Friendship, in our crowded days, covers a wider area, but as in the case of all extensive developments it has lost intensively. It has become as Swift described it, "the friendship of the middling kind." But rarely do we see the stubborn, stoical, mutual regard which Cicero describes, self-annihilatory, seeking for excellence, priceless-rich in trust and confidence. Much of our friendship is wrecked, as Lysander says of love in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," by running "upon the choice of friends." Polonius bade Laertes to be deliberate, that is, to choose cautiously ere he grappled his friends to his soul "with hoops of steel." Herein we have the normal advice on the subject, distorted usually to such an extent that the kindly chamberlain would repudiate responsibility for our interpretation. Since our school-days

it has been dinned into our ears. We were whipped for swapping peg-tops with the boy from the house beyond the hill, not that the bargain was a bad one, nor that our regard for him lacked sincerity, but that some one else regarded him as an undesirable companion. It may be that his father once sold pork, by the pound, and not by the pig; it may be that his mother on one occasion herself wiped the dust from her own window. Whatever might be the ostensible reason, we were compelled to return the peg-top, which we did with an ill grace, for bitter is the first lesson in conventional friendship. It was an initiation into the lesson, the valuable lesson, that for the future our friends must not shake hands over the social barriers. Many hands have been torn by the broken bottles on the walls of social indifference.

The emphasis of the element of choice in friendship, with its concomitant, the banishment of the element of spontaneous affection, has done much to render true friendship impossible and to bring about the present decay of the art. It is unfortunate in a utilitarian day that we cannot likewise choose our parents. Friendship is fallen from its ideal. The friendship described by Bishop Hall nearly two hundred years ago as "diffusing its odor through the season of absence," is exchanged for the slenderest of acquaintanceships whose value is duly marked by our indifferent nods of greeting. So ready are we to say that John Smith and William Brown are unsuitable friends, because we cannot see the tie which binds them, that the simple quality of affection is left out of the reckoning altogether. Were we to choose a friend for John Smith, there is Thomas Robinson who could assist him in business, or Joseph Jones who would be that priceless of friends, in the modern computation, the friend at court. We forget the primary neces-

sity that John Smith must love his friend; we overlook the fact that as yet science has not discovered a process of vaccination whereby affection may be transplanted or infused. John Smith may choose a valet or a private secretary, and if by the same process he chooses a friend, that friend will be in greater or less degree, an *employé*. Hence it is that the wide preaching of the doctrine of choice has ousted friendship from the category of tender relationships. In its stead we have visiting-lists. Not those whom we love, but those whom we would propitiate do we invite to dinner. Those who would propitiate us invite us in turn, and permit us to eat their food, air our views and even, by incredible patience, to sing our songs, not for their but for our own satisfaction. We have banished from our lives the tender confidence and the sweet counsel, of which Cicero spoke: "Where would be the great enjoyment in prosperity, if you had not one to rejoice in it equally with yourself? And adversity would, indeed be difficult to endure, without some one to bear it even with greater regret than yourself." So far has the axiom of splendid isolation infected not merely national but personal affairs that the Stoic who does not even confide in his wife is rapidly coming to be regarded as the hero instead of as the Turk, which really he is. The morning train finds us ready to cast our pearls of wisdom before—fellow-travellers, who see us morning by morning and scarcely know our names and could not spell them if they did. A solicitor gives us advice on law, a stockbroker on finance, a medicine-man on ailments, each for a convenient fee, until we have disseminated the whole of friendship into several professional acts. The morning, midday and evening newspapers bring to us the influence of humanity, where once tender and confidential personal intercourse

would mould our lives into a true image with a clear superscription of loftier ideals. So far have we gone in our scorn for intimate, day-by-day personal contact, that we roundly declare we have no leisure for it, just as the American speculator impetuously, but not untruthfully, groaned that he had not the "durned time to live." Accordingly when we hear of Carlyle and Tennyson smoking together in silence for hours, we smile our lack of comprehension, since the unattainable is always a laughing matter. Thus do dogs bay at the moon.

It was said by a fluent orator, and fluent orators are usually very dangerous guides, that the post-card, the telegraph and the telephone make every man every man's friend. He even quoted Puck who declared that he would "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," from which he deduced that two-thirds of an hour would accomplish universal friendship. But these three implements have done much to destroy intimate friendly intercourse. Obviously the post-card, while it saves a halfpenny, closes one's soul lest the expression of finer emotions should give occasion for ribaldry to those who regard post-cards as quasi-public documents. The telephone enables us to hold men safely at a distance while we converse hurriedly with them. The telegraph flashes a purchase, sometimes accurately, but even the novelist has not yet arisen to make it flash a proposal or an expression of regard. The triumph of electricity has achieved less than a warm grasp of the hand, for its triumph is to cut out the sweet superfluous words, and superfluous words are worth more than a halfpenny each. The cynic who asked a pair of lovers what subjects they found for eternal discussion was meetly answered when the maiden said, "Only one, sir—everything." Of course the cynic did not understand. He would be able to

estimate the influence of Saturn on the ripening of pomegranates, but a discussion on the one subject which wakes life into radiancy was to him—superfluous words. Amid all the waste of to-day we waste no words. We ask for crisp paragraphs in our newspapers, spicy paragraphs for jaded palates.

We wish to buy and sell, to ask for food, and to express our contentment or otherwise, but rarely do we wish to declare our simple regard for a fellow unit of humanity. Ask him to dinner, lament to him the weakness of the Government, but keep him safely without the veil which hides our little Holy of Holies. We live, alas, in the suburbs of each other's hearts.

Hence we establish clubs and societies; clubs, where we eat in accord; societies, where we speak in accord. These represent our modern individual weakness, while friendship in which men think in accord, would represent individual strength. Could any one imagine Daniel founding a society for opening wide the windows and praying towards the East? Daniel, says the hymn, "dared to stand alone." Nowadays he would have been chairman of an Executive Committee with five to form a quorum, for we seek a corporate metamorphosis to hide a cowardice which we are too cowardly to admit. Every propaganda has its cult, and even eating and drinking, which are essentially personal affairs, are made into matters for mutual pledge and association. Egotism is evil, no doubt; the everlasting I of a self-assertive man is more than objectionable. Yet there is this to be said of him; if he is criticized he himself receives the thrust, whereas in clubs and societies it is always possible to put the blame on the committee. Judging by present tendencies, many men expect the Judgment Day to divide, not the goats from the sheep, but the committees from

the members, for only societies do wrong.

This associationist tendency is symptomatic of the decay of true friendship. "Man is not good if alone," is a convenient distortion of a Biblical text which referred particularly to the married state. Men fly to societies, clubs, institutions and associations to find a companionship which friendship, if there were such, would readily furnish, and upon a sounder basis than the blackballing of undesirables. Birds of a feather should not need the guardianship of a committee and an exclusive subscription to enable them to flock together without danger.

It may be said that the decay of the art of friendship is characteristic of the male genus only; that women are still as ready for affectionate friendship with their own kind as ever they were. It is true that women have less temptations from the narrow path of friendship. Afternoon tea allures less subtly than the morning train, and the effects of the post-card are outweighed by the necessities of the postscript. The telegraph and the telephone, for obvious reasons, do not interrupt women's friendships as they do men's, for unhappily these devices can only be used intermittently and briefly; and brevity is the destroying angel of a woman's wit. But it is still true that acquaintanceship has taken the place of friendship in the woman's world, though there is a greater display of affection in the mere acquaintanceship of women than there is in the case of the less demonstrative and less demonstrable sex. It is well for women that the cynic who watches their farewell and greeting kisses is forced to admit that the historic kiss of betrayal was masculine. Women have less to gain than have men by the utilitarian choice of acquaintances. Ulterior motives may tempt an American heiress to charter a duchess as a *chaperone*, but

possibly no ulterior motive would suffice to bid her seek similarly a friend. And it is to the glory of womanhood that with women there has remained such of the old notion of friendliness as still exists in the world. It is better to be conservative of emotions than of constitutions.

Of course there is a third and a very important class of friendship, the friendship between members of the opposite, or, as the misogynist would say, the opposed sexes. Friendship is usually said to be impossible across the curious barrier which is alleged to divide man from woman. Plato regarded such friendship as perfect, being ideal sympathy. "It now means," said Mr. G. H. Lewes, "the love of a sentimental young gentleman for a woman he cannot or will not marry." Thus what we call Platonic friendship is the merest shadow of that which Plato described. It is a curious development that we should so sneer at friendship that the most perfect friendship is tacitly regarded as impossible. Unless love be regarded as an instantaneous vision, knowing no premonitions and having no preludes, there is nothing from which love can grow but true Platonic or perfect friendship. There must surely be some crumbs of esteem and admiration which fall for others from our table of love. At once we have the hint of jealousy. But a jealous husband is one who has not come into his kingdom, and a jealous wife is a woman who sees the charm of other women and hates those charms rather than learns their worth. And it must of necessity be disastrous that women can influence women, and no woman influence men save through the channel of matrimony. There is a deep truth in the Russian proverb that he who loves one woman has some love for all women.

Ruskin advised every girl to have six sweethearts coincidentally. It was ex-

cellent advice. That misjudged person, the flirt, is most frequently a woman whose heart aches for friendship, but who keeps the richest store hidden for her king when he shall come. Those who were never her king, who never could be her king, call her names by way of rejoinder. They overlook the salient fact that all she gave them was friendly interest, and that was all she pretended to give them, for a conscious flirt—that is, a woman who consciously pretends to love—is as impossible as a conscious hypocrite. In fact the flirt is the only remaining artist in friendship, and a world which knows not what friendship is makes good the deficiency by maligning her. We ask in love's forest that there be only the giant oak of love; as a matter of fact there are the many dwarfed evergreens of friendship and the undergrowth of mere mutual esteem, and these shrubs can never grow to be other than they are. It is folly, because we have not the oak, to burn to the roots the other trees and leave the brown place bare.

"Let all our intervals be employed in prayers, charity, friendliness and neighborhood"—thus wrote the saintly Jeremy Taylor. It is a far different sentiment from the mere choice of useful friends on the one hand or the choice of wife or husband on the other. Copybooks may bid us choose our friends carefully; the Uncopied Book bids us love them diligently. Mr. Gilbert's magnet sought the silver churn, and alas for its disappointment! And we so often choose and seek the responseless silver churns, when the steel would fly to us at our attraction. He who sets out to make friends is a sycophant, and Dr. Johnson knew what a sycophant was: "He that is too desirous to be loved will soon learn to flatter." He who desires to love will gain friends, if he does not set out to gain them, and they will love him, if not too apparently he seeks their love. No

choice, no fitness, no power to confer gifts, no mutual interest of acquaintanceship will take the place of simple spontaneous affection. The bees of infinitely numerous affectionate impulses produce the honey of goodly counsel, and goodly counsel is the evidence of friendship. It was of love in this wider sense that William Morris, the singer of friendship and fellowship, wrote these great lines; it was to arouse a world, somnolent and self-satisfied, to the truth which a life of hurry, skimming across the su-

Macmillan's Magazine.

perfcies of things, fails to perceive in the cavernous depths.

Love is enough; though the World be a-waning,

And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining,

Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to discover.

Yet their eyes shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter,

The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter

These lips and these eyes of the Loved and the Lover.

J. G. L.

A SOLDIER OF MISFORTUNE.

I knew his footfall as well as his voice,

As the sound of his cheery hallo;

But now he has gone to the Great Unknown,

And thither I may not follow.

Rain was falling heavily in Plymouth, for the summer was at end and dingy autumn had come. The lamp-lighters armed with their spark-tipped rods were gathered about the monument preparatory to starting on their nightly rounds, when a shabby figure turned out of a side-street and walked along the straight wet road that connects the three towns. He wore an ancient overcoat with the collar turned up to his ears and a staved-in bowler.

"Beastly weather," he said to himself, trying to get the coat-collar a little higher. "Miserable, I call it." He gravitated towards the big stone barracks, as if some magnet attracted him. There was a crowd of small boys watching outside, for the troops were being drilled within the open enclosure, and the orders came clear and sharp. The loafer stood beside the railings, looking across at the moving line. Then

a clock in the tower above his head struck, a bugle call rang out, the compact body-scattered in an instant, and the men ran helter-skelter into the many open doorways out of the rain. The square looked forlorn and deserted, the water dripped dismally from the roofs, and the sentry in his box hummed softly to himself for company.

The man outside turned away with a half sigh.

"There's not a job for me in Plymouth this night. It's two days since I've had a job. Martin'll be out o' patience as well as out o' pocket." He walked on, with keen eyes upon each passer-by, in case there was a chance of calling a cab, carrying a parcel or holding a horse. After a while he got past the range of the town and into a less frequented road, until a heavier shower bade him stand back for shelter under the clipped hedge of a villa garden. Thrown upon the road in front was a yellow square from a lighted window, and music came across to him through the twilight. A woman's voice was singing, and though he could not

catch the words, the melody, floating up and down the keyboard, was quite distinct, and finally died away in a fleeting arpeggio. Then there were congratulations and soft laughter. A shadow crossed between the light and the window, and the air began to tremble again with sound.

What was it? The man under the hedge was suddenly transported—other sights were before his eyes, other sounds in his ears. Somebody was playing his old regimental quickstep. A man was playing, to judge from the verve of the bass notes and the masterly touch that rendered the threes of the drums as a prelude. The man outside stood like a rock. With hundreds of others he was being played away from the depôt; he was embarking at Southampton; he was landing in India. The tune, simple enough in itself, brought a hundred recollections hurrying to his mind. The long route-marches, the music of the bugle-calls, and the rhythmical tramp of feet; the wailing of the fifes and the stern emphasis of the drum; all flashed across his mind in one intangible recollection. Then the love of his old life came back upon him forcibly. He thought of his old comrades—some dead; others, doubtless, retired to cottage homes and postmen's duties. One or two, he knew, had won commissions for themselves, and others—Ah! The music stopped, and left him standing there, waiting almost breathlessly for what should happen next.

But there was no more. A door behind him opened, and a man coming out of the lighted hall, ran down the steps. The loafer under the hedge stepped back a clear pace in astonishment.

"Barker of E Comp'ny! Captain Barker!"

A voice from the hall shouted a good-night and a chaffing remark, and Captain Barker turned his head and threw

back an answer. Another laugh, and then the door, shutting, cut off the stream of light.

"That's Barker all over," said the man under the hedge to himself. "'E always 'ad a joke when other men was serious."

A figure went swiftly past him down the road into the darkness. "'E didn't know 'oo it was standin' 'ere under the 'edge. 'E didn't know it was me, so 'elp me, but 'e didn't. Well, rain's cleared off. That's one good thing. But I've wasted the 'ole bloomin' day and never got a job."

He walked back quickly to a dirty little cobbler's shop, almost hidden between more pretentious buildings and within hearing of the rumbling trams. The shopbell jangled rudely as he entered, and a sour-faced man at a cobbler's bench looked up.

"What luck?" he asked, peering through his spectacles.

"None at all, I'm sorry to 'ave to tell you," returned the man in the overcoat. "I thought per'aps there wouldn't be. Luck hasn't come your way much lately. So I put a platter aside for you. It's over on the shelf yonder."

"Sure you can spare it?" asked the other, reaching it down.

"Of course I can," returned the cobbler in his ill-natured way. "That's why I put it there, to be sure."

"If I was to begin thankin' you, I shouldn't stop this side o' Michaelmas."

"No," returned the cobbler thoughtfully. "No, you wouldn't unless you was interrupted. What's the news out?"

"There isn't none. Only rain. Did you know a mixed draft was landed this mornin'? I saw 'em marchin' up to the citadel. There was men of all sorts—sappers, gunners, one man from a Lancer regiment, and per'aps a couple o' score o' infantry; an' the ambulance wagon come be'ind with 'eavy baggage. They all 'ad little parakeets in wicky

cages. I'd 'ave 'ad one if I'd—come 'ome by trooper. And every 'ere and there you saw one man carrying two little parakeets, and a feller be'ind 'im with a white face, draggin' along as if 'e couldn't 'ardly 'old 'imself up to walk. 'E told 'is own story pretty plain, I guess. There was two men from my regiment amongst them, on the other end o' the line. I could ha' swore it was our uniform, though I couldn't rightly see for the dust, so I commenced to whistle a bit o' 'Let 'em alone, boys; let 'em alone.' They perked round like sparrers when they heard the chune. I didn't want them to think nothink, so I turned it into 'I'll tell you by-and-by, Sally,' and they passed on without taking no more 'eed o' me."

"That all you got to tell me, an' you been out all day?"

"On'y that, an' I saw Barker."

"Seems to me you're always seeing Barker."

"'E was playin' the pianner in a house on the Yelverton Road—playin' our old quickstep 'e was, 'Let 'em alone, boys; let 'em alone.' Then 'e come out an' run down the steps right past me. 'E didn't know 'oo I was—I mean 'oo I 'ave been—that was standin' agin the hedge. I suppose I don't look much like a soldier now? No, so 'elp me but I don't."

The cobbler glanced up scornfully. He saw his friend straighten himself, and try to set the broken deerstalker on at a rather less *négligé* angle.

"It brings it all back so plain," continued the ex-soldier, "hearin' that chune, and the threes o' the drums an' all. I've more'n half a mind to write a letter to Barker an' tell 'im all about it an' say—"

"Ten bob for the bobby that runs you in," said the frowzy little cobbler.

"An' then six months. Jail wouldn't be so bad a place if it was called by another name. I saw Barker two or

three mornin's ago. I 'appened to be passin' the barracks just as 'e was goin' in, an' before I knew what I was doin' my 'and was up salutin' 'im. Then it touched the brim of this 'ere old 'at, an' I remembered, an' I was in a funk lest 'e should recognize me; but 'e didn't. 'E just lifts an eyebrow, an' 'Mornin',' 'e says, an' passes in, wonderin', I dessay, 'oo 'ad the cheek to salute 'im. An' nex' day I saw 'im again, an' I laid 'old o' the railin's to keep my 'and down, an' looked the other way until 'e 'ad gone in, an' me half-wishin' all the time that 'e'd see me an' speak, an' we'd 'ave it out."

"'Ow you do turn about!" said the cobbler. "Last night you was swearin' at 'im, sayin' 'e 'ad made you a deserter; an' now—"

"So 'e did, in a way o' speaking. It was all along o' 'im. But 'e saved my 'and from bein' cut off by an Afghan, an' got a wipe over the arm for 'is pains, an' turns round with a joke about a weddin'-ring. Seein' 'im laughin' there on the steps put me in mind of it. All my bad luck's come through Barker, but I'd shake 'ands with 'im if I 'ad the chance, so 'elp me if I wouldn't. It puts me in mind o' it all so plain," he said again, and began to hum a bar or two of the quickstep. But Martin the cobbler had heard the story before and did not wish to appear interested. He was peering over the bench with his short-sighted eyes for a certain piece of leather.

"There yer are," said Collins the deserter, "over again' that old boot-heel." The cobbler pounced upon it and began to fit it in.

"Pretty nearly two penn'orth o' leather in this, I should think, an' on'y a threepenny job when it's all done," he grumbled.

But Collins went on talking. "How they danced! an' a hot night an' all! An' the job we 'ad gettin' things ready for 'em! Barker was on the decoratin'

committee, an' I was workin' under 'im. An' the yards o' rose wreaths that we made, an' every rose a bud, so that the leaves shouldn't drop an' get churned in when the dancin' begun. 'Nothin' but buds,' says Barker, 'or somebody'll be down.' My word, that floor! How anybody could come to stand up on it passes me, let alone dancin'. Over'eard there was enough wreathin' for a jubilee progression, an' the walls was of buntin' an' balze to let the air in. The men stood outside listenin' to the music, an' by-an'-by some one just slitted a little 'ole to put 'is eye to. Then we all did the same; an' if it wasn't big enough, jus' put your finger through an' then you could see as clear as through an eyeglass. There was Barker dancin' with the ladies, an' all the other officers; an' there was the band, far hotter nor none of the dancers was, poundin' away for dear life. It was in the mornin', when we was takin' down the props, I come acrost a little card with a pencil on a white string. There was lots of names and letters on it, an' without thinkin' much about it I turns it over, an' there was some message on the back, wrote plain and distinct, from some man to some girl, judgin' from the words, an' I read it at a glance without meanin' to. I wouldn't tell you what it said, Ned, not for ever so, even if I remembered it, which I don't. Barker was in charge o' the fatigue party, an' 'e steps up. 'What's that there?' 'e says. 'A program? Give it me.' An' me, only thinking it was some girl's secret that oughtn't to get about, says, 'No!' I says. 'It wasn't meant to be read.'

"Give it me," says Barker again, quite hoarse.

"But I begins tearin' it up in little bits an' throwin' it on the ground, an' Barker reaches out for it, an' I says, 'No, you don't!' An' I lets out at 'im."

The cobbler looked up with a sarcas-

tic smile; for the man was carried away by his own story, and his fist had shot out across the bench.

"Well," continued Collins, "you may imagine there wasn't much more to be done after that. 'Pick those up,' says Barker without turnin' a hair; an' down on my knees I goes, shakin' when I thinks o' what I'd done, an' gathers up every little attim. An' Barker takes 'em all from me an' shuts 'em up tight in 'is 'and. What come over Barker I don't know, but somethink worse 'ad come over me. It wasn't so very long before I found myself standin' before the colonel, an' Barker standin' beside of 'im, with one o' his eyes lookin' a trifle shady."

"Touch o' the sun, sir," 'e says, without lookin' at me—"touch o' the sun."

"That's all very well, Cap'en Barker," says the colonel; 'but I'm told the man struck you.' An' Barker bites 'is lips, for 'e couldn't say nothin' to the contrary."

"Well," says the colonel at last, 'I'll 'ave to inquire into this. That'll do, sergeant,' 'e says. "Take 'im away.'"

The cobbler was hammering noisily with his head averted. When he paused the story was continued disconnectedly, after the manner of stories which run to many re-tellings.

"What it is to 'ave a friend that's a corporal! That night, somehow or another—nobody could 'ave told how (me least of all, you bet!)—the door got left open, an' shortly after dark I walks out. Darkness inside right enough; but out of doors, my word, what stars! When I was sleepin' under that there 'aystack the other day, before I found you out, ole pal, seem to me they was just the some old stars slewin' round over'eard towards mornin'. I knew they was different, and that they was all English; but some'ow I couldn't 'elp thinking that I was on my way to the coast without no discharge. The night bein' so clear reminded me. 'Twas no

hardship sleepin' in the open air in that country at that time o' year."

The cobbler wiped his hands on his apron and looked up.

"Ow you do talk!" he said, to show that he had not been listening.

"Well, yes," admitted the other. "But if you 'ad bin through the same as what I 'ave, and found a pal to tell it to—"

"Get out!" said the cobbler.

"I will," returned Collins. "I'll take it literal. I see you've finished your job, an' I suppose you're wantin' me to carry it round for you? Only," he added, pausing at the door as he started on his errand, "you'll 'ave to mend my boots free an' gratis when they begins to give, you understand?"

Two days later two people were sitting together in the room that threw a yellow glow across the Yelverton Road. Ethel Braithwaite was playing the piano, and Captain Barker sat beside her, so close that she kept putting the pedal down upon his foot. The lights were low, and the French window leading out on to the lawn stood open. Suddenly the girl, who was looking over the piano into the dim garden beyond, stopped with her hands over a chord.

"What?" asked Captain Barker.

"There was some one looking in at the window! A face!"

"Nonsense!" said Barker.

"Yes. I saw it distinctly. I hate living so near Princetown!"

"That was no one from Princetown. Probably the reflection of something in the room."

"It was a face," repeated Ethel, rising, "looking in at the window."

Captain Barker jumped up, and seizing a golf-club from a stack in the corner rushed outside.

"Hi! you there," he shouted. "Can't listen for nothing, you know. Dress circle, five bob!"

Ethel went to the window and looked

out into the cool dusky garden. Captain Barker was in the shrubbery rummaging.

"Come out of it," he said, addressing the shapeless shadow. "Don't think I can't see you."

But long before he had finished his search a dark figure had lifted itself over the railings and was walking off, coolly, down the road. "What an ass I was," it said, "not to have gone first to the 'en-'ouse! I could 'a boned one or two easy then, without raisin' the alarm. Martin'll be mad when 'e 'ears."

Captain Barker went back to the French window.

"It was all your vivid imagination," he said. "There's not a thing moving in the garden, and a hapless policeman inquired what I wanted when I shouted to the unseen to stop."

"Sure there was nobody?"

"Couldn't have been. The bobby would have spotted him, even if I hadn't. Play some more. What music are you going to have on Friday?"

"This, and this, and this. All waltzes, flavored with an occasional barn-dance to leaven the lump. We're going to keep the walls clear, and no chaperons invited."

"Good. How many may I have?"

"What? Chaperons?"

"Miss Braithwaite! How irreverent! Waltzes, of course. Shall we call it six and add an extra later on?"

"Call it two; and then, if I can't possibly find any one else who'll dance with me, you'll be handy to fall back upon!" Then she fell to playing airs and melodies and snatches of tunes from the comic operas, all strung together in one long ribbon of sound. And if she paused for an instant to ask Barker a question, before he had time to answer she would dash off into a swinging refrain, saying: "We're going to have this on Friday."

And Barker, listening beside her,

wondered what had made her look up so suddenly and unreasonably, and declare there was a man in the garden.

"Well, I must write that letter to Barker," said Collins a few days later. "Got a sheet o' writin' paper on you, Ned?"

"There ought ter be some in the cupboard over yonder, but there isn't overmuch. So put a sheet aside for the fair copy. I 'aven't written a letter for more'n a year."

"It's more in your line than mine," said the soldier.

"Didn' you just hear me sayin' I 'ave-n't wrote a letter for more'n a year? Not since my sister-in-law, what's dead now, went to live in Lymington. Take my advice and don't try any 'igh-soundin' words that you don't know 'ow to spell."

Collins was hunting about among the untidy cupboard shelves.

"On'y one sheet o' paper," he said, "an' that not more than passable clean. Our best plan'll be to make it up in our 'eads an' get it off by heart before we starts the writin' of it. So 'elp me but I'd rather 'ave a day's route-marching."

"Yes," assented the cobbler. "They say the pen's weightier than the sword."

"My word!" said Collins, staring vacantly in front of him. "It'll be six months, but it's cheap at the price. I was at the barracks again to-day," he went on, "just as the dinners was comin' out from the cookhouse, smokin' 'ot, an' the smell o' beef an' taters driftin' acrost the p'rade ground sure as I smell your leather 'ere. Two men to each o' them there tins, that I know so well. Any complaints? Lor, there wouldn't be no complaint if I was back again there now. They might give me three-quarters of a pound o' bone, an' I wouldn't say nothin'—leastways, not more'n 'Thank yer!' The very smell o'

them by itself is enough to make a man hungry."

"Then why do you go there?" asked Martin irritably. "Look at those"—he pointed to a long row of boots—"you can't call them things boots. They're a bloomin' patchwork, every one of them. They won't keep two men in dinners for long, an' one of 'em accustomed to I don't know what rations. Three-quarters o' a pound! If you gets three-quarters of a crumb here, you're lucky. I don't want to 'urry up your letter to Barker, mind—for I know where you're going when you leave me—but you see how 'tis. You never come in from the street bringing more than a pipeful of baccy with you."

"I see," said Collins slowly. "I'd better go foragin', I suppose. That 'ouse I was telling you about, there in the Yelverton Road, 'as a nice little 'en roost round be'ind."

"Not the 'ouse where Barker lives?"

"'E don't live there. 'E on'y calls."

"I understand. An' now you're goin' to call. Don't you go leavin' no card nor nothin' behind you, or else they'll be returnin' it and callin' 'ere. Well, then, you get along an' see if somethin' else don't find its way into those great pockets o' yourn besides your empty 'ands."

Collins paused with his hand on the door. "S'elp me but I can't," he said.

"Ha!" said the cobbler quickly, adding with a sneer, "I knew you wouldn't."

"Then that's where you're wrong," answered Collins, deliberately. "For I'm goin' to."

Collins found his way over the privet hedge and between the flower-beds, and finally dropped down under the sunk fence that bounded the tennis-court.

"Fancy me on this 'ere job," he thought. "It's for Ned's sake, though. Poor old Ned! I can't sponge on 'im like this no longer. It'll be a relief

when I get that there letter off. Whew! six months!"

As he walked on with his shoulders on a level with the evergreens, he saw a white light coming towards him—the moon shining upon a white dress and the glint of a shirtfront beside it. A single glance, and he recognized the taller of the two figures. "Barker? Well, I never did! Barker as grave as a judge! Now if I was to cough or even step on a branch, Barker could go 'ome again with 'is 'ands in 'is pockets."

Captain Barker leant forward eagerly, while the girl beside him, dignified and self-possessed, was speaking. She was so calm that the man watching was deceived.

"Barker's got the 'go,'" he said to himself. "Sure as fate." But no, the captain spoke again; they were walking slowly towards the netting, and another step would have taken them within earshot of the listener. As the girl looked up into his face, Barker turned towards her quickly and suddenly.

The man watching ducked under the fence and covered his ears with his hands. What made him do it he could not tell. Not the fear of being seen, certainly, though waiting there carefully as he guarded his ears from all sound, he half expected the captain to leap over the wall and thrash him for an eavesdropper.

"Miss Braithwaite," said Captain Barker, as they steered down towards the tennis-court, "I've waited for a whole year. Have I your leave to speak?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Ethel.

The captain stared for a moment. Then he said: "That night at Allajupore—when we gave our ball—your program—" Ethel was gathering what she could from his face. "I wrote on the back of your program—it was full, so

nobody could have seen—asking if I might speak, if I might call and tell your aunt. You never gave me any sign, never spoke. Miss Braithwaite, can I—may I—"

Ethel was frowning because she was trying to see into the past.

"Allajupore?" she said. "At the —shires' dance? I lost my card—got wrong in all my dances towards the end of the evening. All my partners blamed me. I remember. But I never saw your message. Are you sure you gave me back my card?"

"I put it straight into your hands. You couldn't have helped seeing it, for I put P. T. O. against your next dance, so that you would turn it over."

"I never saw it," she said; "never dreamt of it."

"B—but—" he began.

She saw the look on his face and spoke very quickly.

"Never mind about the card," she said. Then she added softly, "I'll take the message for granted."

It seemed to Collins that he waited there for hours hardly daring to move. But when he did turn his head he heard music in the distance, and saw them walking slowly together towards the house. All that had happened was very evident. Collins straightened himself and looked after them.

"Well, Barker," he said, "my congratulations;" and turning, he went home to the cobbler's shop without giving the henhouses another thought.

"Hallo!" said Ned cheerily from the bench. Then Collins remembered and stopped short.

"What luck?" pursued the cobbler. "Did you find Barker at 'ome, or 'ow was it? Per'aps Barker was out an' the 'ens at 'ome, an' now some of the 'ens is out, eh?"

Then he caught sight of Collins, with his hands in his empty pockets, and a blank look on his face.

"Well," he said, "you are a beauty!"

and went on hammering without another word.

"Tell you what," said Collins, sitting down beside the bench, "when I went out from here I fully meant to—I fully did. But when I got there, goin' round below the tennis-green, there was Barker and a girl just atop, and—so 'elp me, it put it quite outer my 'ead, for Barker 'e was jest—" he looked across at the little sour-faced man opposite and hesitated.

"Well?" asked the cobbler.

Collins went on cautiously: "Barker was jest—jest puttin' it to 'er."

"Ah!" said the cobbler quickly. "That was what took your attention off?"

Collins spoke rapidly to justify himself.

"Yes, Barker was jest puttin' it to 'er, an' me squattin' down be'ind the 'edge an' all afraid o' sneezin' or treadin' on a twig lest it should give the alarm."

"They wouldn't never 'ave seen you. They wouldn't 'ave seen nor 'eard, you bet. They was much too busy."

"No, they wouldn't 'ave seen me, nor I wouldn't 'ave seen them neither. Not for a good deal."

The cobbler laughed. "You must 'ave had a most amusin' time," he said.

Collins looked straight across the bench at his friend, and then said: "Well, I consider it's time I finished that there letter that I begun."

"Bein' nearly midnight, I dessay it is," retorted Martin.

"You don't show no signs o' turnin' in jest yet."

"No; I ain't in no 'urry. I'll be glad to see that letter done."

"So shall I; for the sooner my letter's off, the sooner my six months'll be over."

When the labor of writing was over Collins took his letter to the post, and on returning was surprised to find the

cross little cobbler waiting for him at the door in great excitement.

"'Ere you are!" he exclaimed. "I've noos for yer, ole man."

"Well," said Collins solemnly, "what's on yer mind?"

"You know what this year is?" the cobbler went on.

"Queen's Jubilee; I 'aven't forgot that yet, so 'elp me."

"It's like this," said Ned. "My ole pal Jimmy jest come in 'ere, seein' the light still burnin'. Jimmy's a sawcastic sort o' chap, an' 'e jest puts 'is 'ead in roun' the door, an' 'Oo's a-'arborin' a deserter?" he says.

"Don't know what you mean," says I.

"No?" 'e says. "Then when I tells you that there's a Queen's pardon for all deserters what makes 'aste an' sends in their names, it won't interest you?"

"No," I says, "it don't." So, ole pal, that's the noos. Take my advice an' send in your name sharp. I 'ope it's true—I do 'ope it's true. It'll be crool 'ard if 't isn't. There, ole man; is my noos worth 'aving?"

Collins was sitting down beside the bench. He took up a boot and began counting the nails that his friend had put into the sole, with a great concentration.

"Does it mean," he asked slowly, "that I shan't get six months?"

"It does," said Martin. "It does; an' now your best plan is to go out an' see if it's true. You go to the corner o' the street an' ask questions. You'll find lots o' men talkin' there, even this late. Here! you ain't no good, glazin' at an ole boot like that; I'll 'ave to go myself. Gimme me jacket: an' while I'm gone, you tidy that shelf an' sweep up them bits off the floor. Don't get glazin'!"

When he came back, some twenty minutes later, Collins had swept the remnants of leather up into a heap, and

was taking them round the room, solemnly, with his brush.

"It's all right!" Ned shouted, with unwonted excitement. "An' I got the name o' the place for you to send your name to an' all. Why, whatever are you doin'?' Goin' mad, I should think. Wish I 'ad known five minutes before you sent your letter 'stead of after. Saved you a penny stamp then—least-ways, saved me."

"No, no," said Collins; "I'm glad the letter's gone. It'll show 'em I wrote before 'earin'."

"Bless you! They won't believe it! They'll think you just faked up a letter when you 'eard the noos. That's what they'll think."

"The colonel may," answered Collins. "Colonel may; but Barker, 'e'll understand."

"Why, this is on a par with your 'idin' be'ind the 'edge when Barker was jest—jest puttin' it to 'er. Well, get along to bed, an' don't forget 'oo it was that told you the noos."

Ethel Braithwaite and Captain Barker were standing on the little rough stone quay, waiting for the arrival of the excursion steamer. It was a bright breezy day, and in the distance the waves were flinging clouds of spray over the breakwater. Further off, and beyond the range of vision, the Eddy-stone, standing beside the remnant of its former self, caught the sun, and rose like a column and a broken column out of the east-hazed water. The jetty was a busy little place. Crazy vertical engines puffed noisily up and down the jolting metals, and a barge was being unloaded with the help of a crane. A stack of small kegs, momentarily growing higher, stood beside the crane, which creaked and clattered as the chain rattled up and down. The two, balancing themselves upon the rails, watched the work going forward while they waited for the little steamer

that was making its way through the crowd of smaller shipping. Behind them stood a loafer with his hands in his pockets, whistling through his teeth. Captain Barker turned, for the tune caught his attention, but at that moment Ethel spoke to him and he turned back again. She was looking at the cluster of little barrels that rose out of the ship's hold. They were for all the world like a bunch of seals on a giant watch-chain. There was a fascination about the long arm as it swung slowly round on its pivot.

"The boat's crowded," said Barker. "We'll let the people get ashore before we go on board."

The kegs were dangling just above her head, when the clips on one of the smaller chains gave, and its beaker slipped out of the slings. Barker's eyes were on the steamer, unheeding, but the loafer behind her sprang towards Ethel, caught her roughly by the arm and dragged her away. An instant later the keg crashed upon the spot where she had just been standing, bounced upon the cobbled quay, then leapt into the water. Barker gave a quick laugh of relief when he saw what had happened. The driver climbed laboriously down from his engine, and one of the stevedores broke the silence with:

"That barrel was full o' wine. I wonder who'll pay."

"A near thing for the young woman," remarked another. It was a moment before the absence of the loafer was noted. Then a man rushed towards them, shouting, from the opposite side of the jetty, and Barker, turning, caught sight of Ethel looking down speechless into the water. The bilged cask was staving itself to bits against the stone quay as the wash from the steamer's paddle-boxes caught it. Nothing else was visible. The steamer's bow-hawser was being made fast to the iron ring ashore, when Barker, bal-

ancing himself on the edge of the stonework, shouted through his hands to the man at the wheel, "Hard astern. There's a man in the water!" Then he ran down the weed-grown steps to the water's edge. The big paddle-wheels began to revolve slowly, then stopped.

"I daren't," shouted the captain. Ethel sat down helplessly upon a bollard. Unheeding she saw the gangway run out and the people coming ashore—all the ordinary tribe that make up the passengers of an excursion steamer, talking and laughing together in ignorance of the tragedy that was taking place just beside them. She saw them all and watched the panic spread among them when they saw a life-buoy flung into the water, followed by a coil of rope. All gathered at the edge of the quay, and hung over the stone parapet to stare down into the water. Through the murmur of the crowd she could hear Barker's quick decisive voice shouting directions, and between the moving figures caught a glimpse of men on the steamer's deck, straining with boathooks and paddles to keep her away from the stone wall. Then a shabby little woman out of the crowd came towards her.

"They're getting him up," she said, "and they think he may not be really drowned. The men say he must have got stunned as he fell. The cask knocked him into the water. I saw it all from the steamer."

Then Barker, looking grave, stood beside her.

"Ethel," he said, "just walk with me as far as the cab-stand and take a lift home. I'll follow on as soon as I can;" and as they went, he talking to get her attention, she knew that he was trying to interpose himself between her and a dripping burden that was being carried up the steps.

The row of mended boots on the

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cobbler's bench was appalling, for Collins was not there to carry home the finished work. Martin, more sour and surly than ever, was sitting at work, and Captain Barker and Miss Braithwaite had just entered the shop, to the announcement of the jangling bell. Martin, peering through his glasses, was speaking, apparently to the work under his hands, for he never even glanced at his visitors.

"Smart soldier, you say? Well, mabbe. Not much good at anythin' else, though. 'Ands in 'is pockets all day, a-talkin' about Allapoo-jaw. I'd 'ad enough of 'is Allapoo-jaw, I told him. So off he goes an' writes a letter to give 'imself up as a deserter. An' a moment arterwards I finds out about this 'ere Queen's pardon. 'Pity I 'adn't knowed five minutes before,' I says. 'Saved a penny stamp.' 'No,' 'e says, 'it'll show 'em I wrote before I knowed.' 'They won't believe that,' I told 'im. 'Per'aps you wouldn't,' 'e says; 'but Barker, 'e'll understand.'"

Ethel's face was softening as she listened.

"Talkin'? Yes, 'e was a fine 'and at talkin'. 'Ow they made little slit-'oles in the tent for to watch the officers dancin', and 'ow 'e picked up some girl's dancin'-card when they was sweepin' up in the mornin'. 'E would 'ave talked the 'ole night through if I'd a let 'im, but 'e couldn't earn sixpence a day to save 'is life. I told 'im I'd 'ad enough of 'is Allapoo-jaw. I 'ad to 'ammer as loud as ever I could to drown 'is talkin' and now—"

The cobbler paused with his mouth full of sprigs to search for an extra lift of leather. Barker glanced quickly at Ethel, who with her head averted winked away a tear.

"An' now, I s'pose," added Martin, "I'll 'ave to 'ammer for to drown 'is silence;" and, so saying, he took up a mallet and began striking viciously.

Philippa Bridges.

SKETCHES IN A NORTHERN TOWN.

II.

In these days of ever-shifting and changing conditions of trade and labor, it is obvious that the personal relations between the manufacturer and his hands must undergo many changes, too, from causes quite outside their control, at times even outside their consciousness.

In the golden age of Milltown's prosperity, when the machines were running all the year round, turning out huge orders easily obtained at high profits, a pleasant patriarchal custom prevailed of work people often spending all their lives in the service of the same masters, in "th' owd shop." The little girl or lad passed from a simpler process to become a "learner" at some one's loom downstairs, perhaps the father's or mother's, and remained amongst those same looms until old age or death stiffened the knee that worked the treadle.

Happily for us, it is now difficult to realize on what small shoulders the burden of life was allowed to descend in those old days, but it was brought home forcibly some time ago to a manufacturer who bought an old mill in the district. A long-disused workshop was stacked with hundreds of little wooden stands, very like milking stools. It was difficult to guess what purpose they could have served, but an old workman smiled when he heard his employer puzzling over them; he knew well enough what they had been used for. He remembered the days when he and many others had stood on those stools because they were as yet too little to reach up to the machines at which they nevertheless had to spend their days, working like their fathers—

often, I am afraid, working for their fathers. The past is past, and to-day the children have their sacred birth-right of play and freedom, but there are many old people still alive in our town who stood on those stools to work for their living by the time they were six years old.

The passing of time is not often marked for the whole nation of workers by such epoch-making measures as the great Factory Acts; the silent changes that it brings, however, dig their own gulfs between one generation and another. Not more than fifteen or sixteen years ago the lifelong and even hereditary service of one master, or family of successive masters, was still quite usual, and the veterans who had only worked in one mill were common enough. But a little later the evil days came, when our local industry began the unarmed struggle for its life which is still being desperately, if not hopelessly, waged against the tremendous odds of foreign tariffs, and of Japanese and Continental competitors, whose factory laws are far less strict than ours, and whose living wage would mean starvation to our Northern mill-hand.

One morning, about sixteen years ago, a manufacturer known from his boyhood to all his people, through long years of hard and successful work, was stopped many a time as he went through his mills, by eager old questioners.

"Eh, Mester! be it true what t' papers say, as Mester Richard 'll be gettin' 'e self a wife?"

"Mester Richard's" father nodded with a slow smile, in his usual quiet fashion, and passed from the weaving shops to where the old women, warpers and winders, were lying in wait

for him, he knew, with the same question.

Here even greater excitement prevailed, and many quaint or exultant ejaculations were given utterance to, in tones some degrees harsher and more jerky even than you hear from their descendants now. For many of these knotted arms had fondly carried Mester Richard in his childhood away from the fascinations of the slowly twirling drum-like machines, to the home from which he had escaped; a small head had rested sleepily on many of the hard shoulders before its owner went to school and from thence into the big unknown world outside Milltown. Severe was the ordeal of critical and appraising eyes through which Mester Richard's *fiancée* passed when brought through the mills on approval soon afterwards in answer to urgent demands, but the welcome finally accorded was none the less warm for its freedom from all rash precipitation!

It was not, in fact, really given until after the wedding ceremony had brought assurance that unusual speech and unwonted demonstrations could run no risk of being thrown away, and then it came with one of those rare outbursts which occasionally break down the habitual barrier of reserve and the cautious appearance of indifference which characterize these people. Messages were sent to the travellers, summoning them northwards, for "it's sure, now, mester, doost a see," said a bent old weaver in his slow speech, with that look of indescribable, immense sagacity which seldom has time to concentrate upon the faces of a more nimble-witted race. "Us a'd like them to coom just now, when us 'as decorated t' mills, and made t' place a bit bright like for them."

"Just now," by the way, is one of the pitfalls of Milltown language; it simply means "very soon," and is never used in the sense of "immediately," as

the ignorant stranger is apt to suppose, which misapprehension sometimes leads to trouble. The "place" was hardly recognizable when they did come. Many hands had toiled at the end of the day's work far into many nights, to construct the endless array of colored paper or evergreen chains, elaborately festooned so as almost to cover the bare walls, and quite disguise the gaunt outlines of machinery, all up and down the long array of workshops. Scores of cottages had poured forth their choicest treasures and ornaments to transform these rooms into the likeness and similitude of infinitely magnified best parlors. Gaudy vases, wax flowers under glass cases, giant shells, brilliant wool mats, framed prints and illuminated texts, struggled for precedence on the shelving machines with more homely but equally cherished household gods offered up for the occasion, the best teapot, the home-made hearthrug, even a new bright saucepan! There were triumphs of constructive ingenuity, too, and the portrait groups of dressed dolls, brides and bridegrooms, by the dozen. And since "the late Mr. Wesley" (as they still often call him) is one of the principal patron saints of Milltown, he presided, too, in many shapes and forms over these festivities. There were terrible colored "pot" images of him in gown and bands, with starting eyes, poised on giddy resting places, varied by innumerable pictures of scenes from his life. But since dearest of all to the hearts of his faithful followers of the older generation is a certain appalling print representing the departing leader in his last moments, so the late Mr. Wesley on his deathbed naturally confronted the guests of the hour from many frames, and over most doorways, where he was always proudly pointed out for special admiration.

Here and there groups of smaller

dolls, gorgeously appparelled, surrounded the inevitable bride and bridegroom. "These are the bridesmaids, of course, are they not?" was asked unwarily at first by the stranger, all unacquainted as yet with the robust and matter-of-fact fashion in which Milltown looks forward as well as backward. They were not and the mistake was cheerily explained, while she steered a less venturesome subsequent course through shoals of similar, more unmistakable tokens of guileless good wishes, for all that a long life could possibly bring in the way of domestic happiness.

The excuse for dwelling on the homely details of this festivity of welcome from working people is that such a *tableau de mœurs* belongs to a condition of things which has already passed away; it could scarcely be presented again now, so quickly has the inexorable wheel turned in the world of textile labor during the last fifteen years. The recollection of those particular demonstrations of good will, the individual interest, the almost proprietary claim to share in the domestic joys and sorrows of a master long served and known, even the rougher speech and habits smacking of the soil always so full of character, tend to inevitable regrets. But, after all, *rien n'est plus bête que de boudier l'avenir*, as Anatole France says with profound truth; and indeed it is only that most irreclaimable of pessimists, the confirmed sentimentalist, who will not see the greater gains brought in by the new order of things along with all its losses.

"Well! things is changed too-by sure!" exclaimed an old winder the other day. "What wi' the schoolin' being that long, and th' hours so short, and all these treats and 'olldays, th' gells doos ahve an easy time of it now compared to what us did when us was young!"

"All very well, missus," said one of "th' gells," bending over a new em-

broidering machine, that clattered on with its two thousand stitches a minute while she spoke, "but if we doos 'ave shorter hours we mun' get through a proper bit of work, I'm thinking, while we're at it!" She glanced with a twinkle in her eye at the jug of tea the old woman was holding while she dawdled at the door on the way back to her own workshop, the veteran warpers and winders being privileged persons in the mill. They are, in fact, almost superfluous, and not a little embarrassing, since their methods of work have necessarily been superseded by others, rather different and far more effective in character, but rejected with scorn and rebellion by the old guard, who declare that they would choose "clemming" sooner than "be moltered wi' new-fangled ideas and no sense in them!" And since clemming it would certainly be, their employers and those set over them are often sorely put to it to provide these obdurate old people with enough work for a bare and hard subsistence.

But in the work-girl's answer lies the whole gist of the difference between the working life of this generation and the last.

As a matter-of-fact, the fifty-six hours a week now allowed by the Factory Act represents harder, often far harder and more concentrated work than the old long days of toil indefinitely prolonged, when human nature revenged itself by many a dawdle and easy gossip for the time abstracted from its freedom. Costly new machines are constantly required to keep abreast of the fashions, and of strenuous rivals; the output of each of these must be carefully watched and kept up to a high standard to show any profit on the capital outlay. The worker who is given to spending golden minutes in "passing the time of day" with her companions in a pleasant and sociable fashion does so at the manifest and

quickly calculable expense of her employers. She must learn a more concentrated habit or speedily make way for some one else. Improved education, however faulty still, must certainly have done something for the mental disciplining required to meet such demands as are made by modern conditions of industry; it has brought, too, the wider outlook, the more intelligent enjoyment of the opportunities of change and movement afforded by the shorter hours, cheap locomotion and more frequent holidays. With brighter and more varied lives, a decided progress towards gentler manners and a finer personal observance amongst the work-girls, and therefore amongst the young men, is obvious to the onlooker. It is so, at any rate, in our little town, a clean little town, where the airy streets of comfortable cottages at low rents cluster round the mills. And ah! how vitally it is the little towns and small communities which make for the happiness and welfare of the industrial classes is a truism which becomes the most essential of truths when you meet it face to face in their daily lives. For them the huge cities are the caves of Giant Despair, all the more so that they seldom know it until they are set fast in one or other of his many gyves and not always even then.

As remarked before, the present generation of workpeople in Milltown cannot attach their lives to the service of one master, because no one master can now supply large numbers with work all the year round, and they must go from the mill which is slack at one season to another which is busy, making a different class of goods. But if the old almost feudal feeling has necessarily died out, they remain at least as responsive to every sign of personal interest and sympathy which is shown them. Those who proclaim them hard and ungrateful be-

cause they are still inarticulate enough to depress and discourage the stranger until a long apprenticeship of acquaintance has been served, will find suddenly in some wholly unexpected fashion that, if anything, they are overgrateful, terribly grateful for any such small individual services as circumstances in these days make it possible for their employers to render them. A side-wind, a confidence to a third person, or a sudden momentary thawing of the outer frost, will reveal in force what may lie behind a rigid face and a forbidding manner. Nobody who has had such glimpses can ever doubt again whether seeds of real interest and real sympathy sown in this stiff soil are thrown away.

As Wordsworth exclaimed in one of those moments when truth did duty for his muse:—

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftner left me mourning.

I have a growing suspicion that some of them nowadays are becoming uneasily conscious of this same ancient disability to express themselves graciously or at all, and therefore the not infrequent sight of a little book of etiquette lurking under a whirring machine, or behind a window shutter, is ceasing to prove so dangerous to one's gravity. I catch a glimpse, along with it, of a dumb and rather desperate struggle, and of an aspiration in the main not vulgar. The consequences of this somewhat dreary and arduous study of the abstruse science contained in these books are occasionally obvious, when opportunity offers, and it is impossible to suppress a perhaps optimistic conviction that the self-imposed discipline, however artificial, has its value for a class whose traditions are not those of severe self-restraint.

Some years ago handloom weavers,

or "wavers" as they call themselves in Milltown, still formed a class apart, a peculiar people, far more so than is, I think, at present the case. Popular opinion was curiously derisive of them, traditionally so in all probability, for it was difficult to arrive at any adequate explanation as to why the old-established inhabitant should speak of weavers as we do of the nine and twenty tailors who went out to catch a snail! But such was in fact exactly the attitude of the rest of the world towards this section of the community, and much laughter and mild derision generally accompanied the very mention of them. It took little short of a strike to impress their grievances or their opinions upon anybody, as matters deserving serious attention. Yet they have always held obstinately enough to their own opinions, and usually possess a larger collection of them than any other class of working people. Several fanatical and far-spreading religious movements, the Luddite amongst others, owe their rise to these handloom weavers, amongst whom certain marked types have a natural affinity for the gloomier forms of religious enthusiasm. The long hours spent in bending over the rattling loom, forever throwing the shuttle on its recurrent course with a precision which hereditary skill and years of practice reduce almost to a mechanical process, afford time for that sombre brooding which is the natural tendency of the sedentary and half occupied, under the heavy lowering skies and eternal rains of our northwestern slopes. If you loiter about in any large handloom workshop you are sure to notice a certain proportion of curious and striking faces, bearing the stamp of much solitary and concentrated thought, often of that fierce melancholy which marks the bigot or the fanatic. Here and there, in former years, it was no surprise to see a Hebrew grammar or a

Greek Testament propped up on the loom in front of one of these strange faces. Many a weaver has contrived to teach himself enough of both to enjoy the soul-stirring denunciations of the Old Testament, as well as the (perhaps less appreciated) promises of the New. Others, less theologically inclined, have devoted themselves to the study of the systems of philosophy, by no means to the detriment of that other intricate design which was growing under their hands all the while. I knew one man, a severe recluse, who taught himself many Oriental and European languages, living and dead, and worked through several systems of philosophy. He read the "Rig-Veda" in Sanscrit in bed at night for preference, he told me, and Hegel often in his dinner-hour. He was fond of the French classics of the great age, but, having been his own teacher here also, he pronounced that language (like all the others of his *répertoire*) exactly as if it was his own; and I must confess to having passed through a time of hopeless bewilderment one day, before it dawned upon me at last that it was Racine, and not a Persian or Arabic poet he was quoting.

The type of weaver who is a religious fanatic, or a hermit with a thirst for learning, is usually sparing of speech, of sombre and often forbidding aspect, little given to that light-hearted gossiping intercourse enjoyed by the more ordinary and frivolous members of his craft. These last being far more numerous, are no doubt responsible for the unwonted levity with which traditional opinion has been used to regard them in Milltown, a region not as a rule characterized by lightness of spirit or an over-keen sense of the ludicrous! Forced by the exigencies of his occupation to keep his hands soft and flexible, and debarred thereby, as well as by his natural indolence, from taking part in football or other favorite local

pastimes of a sturdy nature, the average handloom weaver finds his recreation in the study of his fellow men. He loves to stand in groups at street corners, gazing at all that passes, gossiping with his hands in his pockets, eagerly inquisitive about his neighbors' affairs, great and small; endlessly, if idly, interested in the spectacle of the life that goes by. A very little experience enables you to pick out a handloom weaver from amongst other men a long way off, not only by his bent knees, but by a certain peaked look in the face which comes early in life, together with that vaguely observant expression characteristic of the lifelong spectator of activities not his own.

No one used to laugh more genially and habitually at handloom weavers than one who had employed many hundreds of them almost from his boyhood onwards, a prominent mill-owner of the generation that has almost disappeared. From him I gathered much characteristic and interesting information about industrial conditions and local peculiarities in an age which to all intents and purposes is separated by the gulf of centuries rather than the actual score or two of years from our own. But when we came to handloom weavers he always began to laugh; he never could take them seriously, or believe they were like other men, and to be reckoned with as such. Their soft hands, their dawdling groups, their very docility to any arbitrary rule, the timid fears and the general helplessness with which, at any rate, he was fond of crediting them, never ceased to call forth his mirth—in genial and kindly derision—to the end of his days. He certainly put them to strange uses sometimes, in his own quaintly patriarchal and high-handed fashion. Occasionally whole rows of pale-faced, crooked-kneed men would be discovered brushing his trim lawns and paths, weeding the flower-beds, or engaged in

some other rural occupation, menial indeed for highly-skilled artisans.

"Weavers again!" one of his family would exclaim indignantly, while his eyes twinkled merrily as he watched them and received with philosophy meanwhile the inevitable outburst of expostulation which had so often been called forth before.

"Do they *like* to come?" asked the south-country visitor with enlightened views about the rights and privileges of men and brothers.

"I am sure I don't know," he would reply blandly.

"Did you just order them up here without giving them any choice then?"

He nodded imperturbably, and no flight of indignant eloquence on the part of the enlightened visitor ever banished the baffling twinkle from his eye, or at all affected that patriarchal autocrat, who continued placidly to pursue his course as of old, when pressure of work in the garden or scarcity of it at the mills inspired him to do so; yet it is not written that any weaver who worked for him was ever anxious to change his master. He is gone, and most of his generation with him; their successors have other methods, the weavers too have shared in the revolution of a new generation which has a way of stamping whole classes with a like image and superscription, and of obliterating individual and local characteristics. Certainly the weavers are not taken from their looms now and sent up to weed gardens, in all probability they would rightly refuse to go, but nevertheless many keep his memory green in their hearts, and it is doubtful whether they will feel again just that particular kind of affectionate and dutiful respect which they cherished for "th' owd mester," for whose death they made a great mourning. Once, when election riots were taking place, and political feeling ran very high in the town, one of these typical

"owd mesters" was warned that an angry mob of weavers had determined to storm his house on the night after the poll had been declared, since they considered that a member of his family was responsible for having turned the tide of the election. Nothing would induce this old gentleman to accept the police protection which the authorities endeavored to thrust upon him, nor was it possible to take any but clandestine and back-door measures to ensure his safety.

"He thinks," exclaimed one of his would-be protectors in despair, "that he has only got to put his head out of the door, or even to blow through the key-hole, to send hundreds of weavers flying;" and this indeed was entirely his conviction. As a matter of fact even these demonstrations proved unnecessary, for the warlike intentions of the aggressors melted away long before they reached his garden gate where nothing was seen or heard of them!

The weavers who work at home, and not at the mill, the "outsides" as they are called, have a more comfortable if a duller life than their fellows from the social point of view. When the weaver happens to be a woman the advantages to her house and family of this domestic branch of the industry are obvious. But these home-workers are the despair of the inspector and his time-sheet, for who can say whether the loom that is clattering and clicking all through the evening is, really and truly, only making up the actual time spent in "cleaning down t' kitchen this morning," or in getting up "my mester's shirt for t' week-end?" They are the objects of jealousy and distrust also to "t' insides," when these are anxious to combine in order to bring pressure upon their employers; for the "outsides" have little tastes for such combinations, and no particular *esprit de corps*. When the home is the workshop too, and the day is spent there,

the dread of despoiling it of its comforts and household gods is more present to the eye of its owner than the possible—or impossible—advantage to be gained in the long run, after weeks or months of scarcity.

The home workers give the impression of being a specially cheery class, to the visitor. Here you may see two proud parents pausing, shuttle in hand, to smile triumphantly upon their first-born; a lad just promoted to work at the light loom set up between them.

"How a shapes to it, Joel, doosn't a!" cries the delighted mother to the father, probably for the fiftieth time, and the father answers more soberly, but with shining eyes: "Eh! a's a likely lad, a seems to be shaping to it nicely, if so be as a'll stick to it, mother."

In another garret half a dozen looms are clicking; a bird cage hangs before a window, and the canary is doing its shrill best to compete with their untiring noise; neither clatter seems to affect the people who are talking and laughing in voices not even raised, but adapted by long practice to the Babel. A gaunt old weaver with a stubbly chin, and a merry twinkle in the eyes behind the big spectacles, sits at the end of the room beside a white-haired little woman with the usual large-boned face. It appears a matrimonial announcement has been made that morning by a couple of young weavers in the same garret.

"Well, Martha!" cries the old man hilariously to his neighbor, after having informed his visitors of the news of the day, "well, Martha! It's surely us 's turn now, and when's the day to be, wilt a not say?" He looks round with a succession of portentous winks.

"Why, yes, for sure, Mester! When the day cooms as they marries off th' odd ones us'll not be left out!" retorts the old woman, nodding her head with a chuckle. The young people laugh appreciatively, though the joke is evident-

ly a seasoned one, which has worn well. "A'll never tire o' that, Matthew winna," explains some one, in an audible aside.

Alas! even the "outsides" are not always cheerful in Milltown; there are often long wintry months when work is slack everywhere in the town. Slacker even than it need be, by reason of a dragon in the path, a grim and tyrannical monster who once did a great and necessary work in his time. A couple of years ago, in a season of dearth, a mill-owner who could not obtain orders at any but cost prices or less, but eager to find employment for his hands which would carry them through the worst of the winter, until trade was brisker again, explained the state of affairs to his weavers. He could not bear the thought of what lay before many families whose collective wages had made comfortable homes and warm hearths throughout the year until now, when the bitterest stress of weather was upon them, together with coal at famine prices, and one of those sudden cessations of business, apparently inexplicable, which traders know so well. It would only be possible, however, to set the looms going again, if the weavers would agree to take wages something below those "list" prices which had been decreed at the high tide of Milltown's prosperity; even so at the reduction proposed, their employer would face at the best no profit, more often a loss. It was a question for them of three-quarters of a loaf or no bread, except such as a union heavily drained at the time could allow them, until a period of plenty returned. Those who are acquainted with the tyranny under which working-men live will not need to be told what was the result! Many individuals came under cover of darkness, and bewailed the times which had made them slaves to the hardest master of all; a few of the more courageous, or the more desperate

went further, and crept back to their looms by back doors and side archways—but not for long, their self-assertion soon failed; life was made too bitter for them. Silence descended again upon the workshops, and many grates remained fireless through the ice-bound days. The "outsides," free lances as they are for the most part, were held by no such iron laws, and joyfully accepted the terms which were offered them. There are industries in this country which are perishing not only from the stress of rivals without, but also under the weight of a cumbersome Juggernaut car which rolls over them regardless of the perpetual changes and chances of new conditions, of the struggle with ever-growing foreign rivals, and of the war with foreign tariffs.

Such a subject is, however, far beyond my scope; to approach its complications and tragedies would be to attempt the *Götterdämmerung* upon a toy zither. I can only offer a few glimpses of the ways and workings of a still somewhat characteristic community north of the Trent, whose existence circles round a doubtless expiring English industry. In speaking of these people it is impossible to pass over those dark and empty months which will and must recur, under present conditions, when so many bread-giving machines are silenced whose loud-throbbing sounds might mean warmth and freedom from all besieging difficulty in so many homes. There are times when the problem is so pressing it is difficult to see it from another point of view than that which is bearing so hardly upon both employer and employed, arbitrarily condemned to run in sacks the race which is to the swift and to the strong. All these great questions are moving slowly towards their own solution, but what that solution may prove to be, no one, not even the inspired radical socialist,

can foretell. The motive power which sets huge social forces and streams of tendency in motion all over the world remains hidden; who can say where the tidal wave gathers which sweeps immense, resistless, over sea and land? Where do these vast changes take their rise? Not certainly in the minds of a few blind and bigoted persons, ineffective as the foam to direct, or to divert otherwise than momentarily, the great forces whose playthings they are. Like the wind of the spirit, vast changes sweep upon us, and no man can tell whence they come or whither they are bearing us. Surely all wisdom lies, for them as well as for us, in the line of least resistance to the boundless forces which shape the destiny of our industrious ant-hills, and cast the plastic mass of human clay into fresh moulds, whose outlines are too large for our vision until they are broken again into little pieces, to make way for the next model.

But to dwell upon the darker days of our local life is to fall into the weaver's vein of sombre and unfruitful reflection. Pleasanter and more profitable, than measuring ourselves against the immeasurable, is it to direct one's thoughts, as the working people often so courageously do, towards the festive and pleasant occasions which recur in all our years, fat or lean, to a greater or less extent. Little we reckon of the stereotyped bank holidays which set others dancing! We have our own time-honored festivals, our "Barnaby" in July, and "the Wakes" in October, when the mills are closed and the town pours out its thousands to Blackpool

and the other sea-side places where they most love to congregate, while those whose means are not sufficient to carry them away by excursion trains are provided with all the merry-making of a noisy fair at home. The age of our "Barnaby" rejoicings is sufficiently attested by the fact that they are kept according to the O.S. calendar, and eleven days, therefore, out of the present-day reckoning for the commemoration of the saint, a difference which is decidedly perplexing to the stranger who happens to be within our gates, until the reason of the divergence from his almanac is explained to him. "Barnaby" is a domestic as well as a public festival, and then, more than at Christmas in our town, do families plan to meet together, then too, are the empty places more sadly perceptible! The new dresses towards which special clubs have been receiving weekly subscriptions for many months past, appear in all their glory in these July days, and from "Barnaby Saturday," when the mills close at noon, all prepare to make merry and banish care and thought for the morrow, as far as possible, for several days until the doors of labor and dull reality open again to receive their troops of workers, passing through them with somewhat slow and reluctant feet and that "day-after-the-holiday" expression which is apt to descend on all human creatures. And since the end of Barnaby is apt to turn greetings into farewells, it is but appropriate to close here our passing glimpse of the little town, with its cluster of tall chimneys, lying in the shelter of those gray-green northern hills.

Mabel C. Birchenough.

OLD MR. JELlicOE'S PLAN.

BY W. E. CULE.

IV.

Andrew Forster returned to the North, and on the next morning appeared at the office as usual. For several reasons the days which followed his return were destined to be memorable ones.

Fortunately, perhaps, he was left a great deal to himself at that time, the junior partner having gone up to town, and Mr. Benning being still confined to his house; otherwise the managing clerk's preoccupation must have been observed. Thus there was less than usual to divert his thoughts from the problem which had been placed before him; and through the long, dull days in his murky office it faced and challenged him with a persistency which would not be denied. In his evenings he would often sit idle-handed, setting himself resolutely to face the question and to answer it; but it returned in his dreams at night still unanswered and still persistent.

Again and again he examined every detail of his remarkable situation, in the vain attempt to find satisfactory guidance. He saw, clearly enough, that in arranging his so-called plan, the old man at Castle Haynby had intended him nothing but good, though the whole arrangement bore traces of that eccentricity and cynicism for which he had long been notorious. He had relented towards the son of Paul Forster, and had decided to help him; but he had determined to disguise his action upon a plan whose every circumstance displayed the old bitter and disappointed spirit. The poor man should play the rich man's game and be his puppet to the very last. The al-

teration in the plan showed a further relenting, despite the bitterness which had marked some phases of the interview, and the curious circumstances which had surrounded it. Gilbert Jellicoe and the witnesses should be the puppets now, and the son of Alice should come in behind the scenes. But the plan—the pet arrangement upon which, no doubt, he had expended much thought and much bitter humor—must not be marred as far as outsiders were concerned. He had told them what was to be, and he was a man of his word. He had failed to see that his nephew must act a deceit, and when this had been shown him he had exhibited a perfectly natural anger and contempt. He had always been obstinate and imperious.

It was there that the question came. Forster shrank from the little trickery which was involved in the matter as he would have shrunk from an open lie or an act of theft. Honesty was not, with him, a matter of policy or expediency; and Mr. Sturge's estimate of his character was a perfectly just one. He had been brought up by some humble relatives of his father, simple country people, who had regarded the career of Paul Forster as something indescribably shameful. Andrew had shown none of his father's brilliant qualities, and they had perceived early that his place in life must be a simple one; but they had done their best for him in a worldly sense by placing him where he might earn an honest living. They had also endowed him with a large share of their own sterling principles, had told him his father's history, and had given him to understand that he must, as far as possible, wipe out

the stain. He could only do this by living a life which no man might find fault with.

Up to this time he had done so, though not without difficulty, his punctilliousness in trifling affairs having often provided amusement for those about him. To this morbid and sensitive imagination the slightest lapse seemed to point to public shame and the suicide's death. But now—but now—a slight lapse now, and one which would always be a locked secret from the world, meant to him everything that a man may desire in life.

Day after day he spent irresolutely, pressed by innumerable arguments. "You cannot refuse," said common-sense; "it would be absurd. The old man gives you the money just as fully as if he had handed it over to you on that day. You must consider him a little and humor his eccentricities. You know well enough that no other man would hesitate for a moment; and why should you, for the sake of a foolish scruple, a shadowy ideal of honesty? Your very ideas, you know how utterly out of date in these days! Then, after all, who shall suffer by your action? Gilbert Jellicoe? Well, if you owe any one a blow, that is the man. As for the witnesses, your action will not affect them at all, and probably as men of the world, they would be with you if only they knew. Lowden, again, is already your friend, and the matter will be quite safe with him. Put out your hand then, take up your legacy, and take with it the woman you love."

Against all this specious reasoning there stood only that one poor scruple, backed, however, by the best instincts of the man who cherished it. Forster was not in any sense a man of the world, and he found much of the world's reasoning as distasteful to his nature as was the self-assured and patronizing manner of Mr. Sturge. Moreover, there was in this obscure young

man's composition some strain of quixotism; and perhaps this inclined him to contemplate a foolish action largely because it seemed so foolish by the light of plain reason. Yet a greater temptation could scarcely have been placed before a man who had spent his life in lowly places, and who saw the passing years grow old without sign of promise.

In such a difficulty it sometimes requires but a small thing to bring about a decision. The thing that came to Forster was not a small thing in his sight; but that he should have considered it final illustrates afresh the extremely unpractical tendencies of his mind.

The person who brought the solution was the woman whom he had come to regard, vaguely, as part of his temptation. Indeed, he was glad that he did not meet her during the early days of his return, feeling that her very presence would make the struggle impossible.

But during Mr. Sturge's absence there was frequent communication with the senior partner, generally by means of the office messenger; and on one occasion, about a week after Forster's return, it happened that Mary Benning herself came down.

His fears vanished as soon as she entered the room, and he found that her coming was quite as much a god-send as ever. He had not noticed that during the past year or so such god-sends had become rather more frequent than they had been previously; and even if he had noticed it, he would have been the last man to form any correct idea as to the reason.

On this occasion he forgot his problem for a while, and conversed as freely as his natural diffidence would allow. Yet, after a time, that problem returned, and the shadow descended. "A thousand a year," murmured the voice of common-sense. "A thousand

a year! What would she think of you then?"

He became preoccupied and lost the animation which her coming had given him. Naturally, a pause fell; only, however, to be broken by a question which startled him into renewed attention.

"What was your father's name, Mr. Forster?"

Forster started and looked up; but Mary Benning's eyes did not meet his. He hesitated for a moment, and then answered: "Paul Forster."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary Benning involuntarily.

He waited in some agitation. It was quite evident she had heard the story of Paul Forster and had connected him with that name.

"Oh!" she repeated in distress, "you must forgive me for asking so abruptly. But I saw something in the 'Times' yesterday, and it reminded me of what you said a little while ago. I wondered and I asked without considering."

"You saw something in the 'Times?'" said Forster.

"Yes. It was yesterday's 'Times.'"

The journal named was something of an institution in such an establishment as that of Messrs. Benning & Sturge; and in a few minutes Forster succeeded in finding the copy for the previous day. Under his visitor's guidance he turned to this paragraph:—

"Illness of Mr. Harvey Jellicoe.—The illness of Mr. Harvey Jellicoe, who is now lying in a critical condition at Castle Haynby, brings to mind a great public sensation of some thirty-five years ago. There are many who yet retain a vivid recollection of the scandal of the Southern Counties Bank, chiefly memorable, perhaps, for the tragic circumstances which brought the affair to a conclusion. It was Mr. Harvey Jellicoe's brother-in-law, Paul

Forster, who was the Managing Director of this concern, which had its headquarters at Westhampton. After appropriating the funds to his own use with consummate cunning for several years, he tried to escape the consequences by turning the bulk of the remaining property into portable securities, and setting out for South America. By the merest chance he was overtaken, but avoided arrest by taking his own life. The Bank property was secured, less some thirty thousand pounds which Forster had spent; but every penny of this sum was restored to the depositors, mostly people in moderate circumstances, by Mr. Harvey Jellicoe, whose sister was Forster's wife. The rare generosity of this action will not be forgotten, and it is to be regretted that the whole of Mr. Jellicoe's after-life was strangely embittered by what had taken place. Himself a man of sterling integrity, he felt keenly the shame which had fallen upon his family, and even his own subsequent success failed to give him compensation. Of late years he is said to have developed traces of eccentricity in social matters, though his spirit of enterprise and genius for organization were as striking as ever. He gave up business three years ago, and has since lived in seclusion at Castle Haynby. He is best known to the present generation as the founder of the great Jellicoe line of ocean steamers. We understand that he has no relatives living, with the exception of Mr. Gilbert Jellicoe of Mincing Lane, the son of a younger brother."

Forster read the paragraph slowly. It was his lot to be reminded continually of his father's sin, for the case of the Southern Counties Bank found reference in the public prints whenever some similar fraud would recall it to memory. But the matter had never touched him so nearly as now.

"Yes," he said quietly. "That was my father."

Then he looked up. He hardly knew what he had expected to see; but what he did see stirred him to the heart. Mary Benning's eyes were turned upon his face with a look, not of curiosity, not of simple vulgar interest, but of unmistakable pity and sympathy. It seemed to tell him that she had read, without error, his whole story, and that nothing he had suffered was unknown to her. He saw more, and probably more than was really to be seen; for even an ordinary, unimaginative man of thirty-five may read strange and wonderful things in the eyes of the woman he loves.

"Oh, Mr. Forster," she said, "I am so sorry!"

His face flushed and his eyes brightened. For the moment he experienced an overwhelming feeling of simple gratitude, a feeling far too powerful to find utterance in words; and before he could recover from his emotion she had risen to go.

"I am so sorry," she repeated, softly, holding out her hand.

"I thank you," said Foster huskily.

Their hands touched and then he was showing her out through the farther office. Beyond the outer door he stood to watch her pass down the stairs, a neatly-dressed, well-formed figure, with grace and composure in every movement. He continued to watch, hoping, without the slightest reason, that she would look back, and she did look back, perhaps because she knew that he was hoping for it. With the look came one of her rarest smiles; and then she was gone.

Foster returned, elated, excited, triumphant. As he passed through the general office one of the clerks looked up and observed his face. This was the junior clerk, a young man who had no confidence in himself or in his own impressions. He saw Forster's face,

and stared at it helplessly; and while he stared, a startling conviction illumined his mind. It brought to his lips a sudden exclamation, immediately after Forster had closed his door.

"By Jove!" he said.

"Eh? What is it?" inquired the article clerk, looking round.

But the junior clerk was considering, and the illumination passed. "Oh, nothing," he answered carelessly; and then he returned to his work. For he saw, upon consideration, that he had been mistaken, and the thing was ridiculous, impossible. What! old Forster, with his nervous little ways, his pale face and the hair turning gray about his temples? Oh no, he had made a shocking mistake, and he had better keep it to himself; for the article clerk was a clever and caustic young man who lost no opportunity of indulging in satire at the expense of his companion's impressions and opinions. So the junior clerk did keep his dazzling conviction to himself—a thing for which he was sorry ever after.

Forster returned to his room, that dusty, musty little office which he knew so well. He sat still, and tried to look out through a window which had not been properly cleaned for years; yet he saw more visions through that window in five minutes than ever man saw in a necromancer's globe.

Mary Benning's look had had a most curious effect upon him. Harvey Jellicoe's golden temptation was no longer powerful enough to lead him from his own way; his surroundings were no longer intolerable, his work was no more a wretched drudgery. A new life had been poured into his veins, and he felt stirring within him energies which had never been touched before. That look! that look!

Nor had he the same doubts, the same irresolution. The girl's look of pity and sympathy seemed to have revealed, suddenly, the gulf into which

he had almost fallen. "She felt for me because of another's fault," he thought; "and I was just about to step into the same road myself!" Which suggests, perhaps, that a man is none the more likely to dishonor himself for having looked into a pure woman's eyes.

So he formed his resolve, assisted to it by a circumstance which probably neither Harvey Jellicoe nor his solicitor had taken into calculation; and he felt, when it was done, that the one woman in the world would have cared for him all the more because he had done it. Then he set himself to await the end.

During the days which followed, the temptation came again often; but he was not to be tempted. He recalled what he had seen, and was satisfied, feeling that he would never be a really poor man while one woman was ready to look at him in that way; and not even for as much as ten thousand a year would he forfeit his right to that look. Thus it is that the glamor of love makes a poor man rich and turns the wisdom of the world to no account.

One hope he felt that he had some right to entertain—the hope that Harvey Jellicoe might relent still further, and consent to offer him some other alternative. Otherwise he schooled himself to dismiss without pain the visions

Chambers's Journal.

which had come so suddenly and unexpectedly, and to bend his mind to other things. When all this was over, and when Harvey Jellicoe and his affairs had become things of the past, he would yet be the richer for the incidents of those exciting days. He would have something new to live and work for, something infinitely better than the one thousand a year; and he would see whether it was not in him to move out of the old rut and make a better place for himself in the world. And always, after that conclusion, he would fall to thinking of Mary Benning's eyes!

But Harvey Jellicoe did not relent further, and did not offer an alternative; and just as summer was fading the final summons came at last from Walter Lowden. It was a brief note, and reminded Forster painfully of that other letter which had brought with it such visions and such hopes. Now the visions were gone.

"I regret to inform you," wrote the solicitor, "that your uncle, Mr. Harvey Jellicoe, passed away this morning. The funeral will take place on Thursday next, the 24th instant; and I have to request that you will not fail to be present, according to the arrangement made with you by the deceased gentleman."

(To be concluded.)

WHY BE A LADY?

It is the advertisements in current weekly journals, chiefly journals of a religious order, that set me asking this question. Any one interested in the conditions under which women labor rises from a perusal of these papers

with his head in a whirl. Only two facts emerge with immediate clarity; they are these: gentleness is a drug in the market; gentleness, though the least saleable, is yet the most prized of its possessor's endowments. If "use-

ful helps," "lady-servants," those who are "gentlewomen,"¹ read these columns as I have done, they should see that their great drawback, commercially speaking, is their gentlehood; yet to defend and possess it, see them by hapless scores practically dying in the last ditch. No, not to possess it; let me strive for exact expression—to secure its acknowledgement—that is what they die in the last ditch for. Why? one wonders. Let us inquire.

Before everything, it appears, the gentlewoman puts her "home"—a home is what she wants, and she will sacrifice anything to secure it.

Upon investigation, the word "home" has five significances; with which of these precisely does my lady advertiser employ it? There is home, an institution; home in the sense "home of her own"—that is, the home a girl marries to; home, the place in which one eats, sleeps and changes one's clothes; home, the place in which one was born and brought up—"my old home," which for some sad reason she has lost, which has gone from her. Those are four senses in which the word "home" may be employed, and the only sense in which she might be employing it is sense three, but she is not employing it in that sense. She would not consider that such a place is necessarily one's home, good or bad. She would not be satisfied with home—a place in which to eat and sleep (her bed made, her dinner cooked for her, by some woman not gifted—or cursed—with gentlehood), and an audience to prattle to at even-

ing-time about the regretted days when she "lived at home." No, home in the mind of this lady is not comprised in a mere roof-tree and a platter; after all, everybody sleeps somewhere every night and eats somehow and somewhere every day; but my advertiser knows some subtle difference between that and "home." She uses the word in its fifth, its finest and fullest, sense. Does she reflect that the persons having *this* home, in all its charm, seclusion, warmth of mutual consideration, fine atmosphere of a thousand interests and associations, have no desire to admit to it some saddened claimant of its joys, some envious and pitiful admirer of its comforts? No, she does not realize that she is asking for a tangible rarity which is never given away, which can only by slow accident be acquired.

From her lonely standpoint she sees some happy group of beings, standing shoulder to shoulder in mutual support and defence against the rigors of a callous society, issuing forth to dip in the world's work, pleasure or suffering—each equally dear—but returning ever to the shelter they have built about them to which each has added some touch, each contributed some beauty. They are of different ages, these people; they have various interests and outlets; but in all they attempt and all they do they take off from that glorious springboard of common security—toleration, affection and interest—which is comprised in the word "home."

It is in such a spot that she longs to gain a corner, a foothold, a small stake.

¹ Throughout these pages the words "lady" and "gentlewoman" will be used in what I believe to be now their generally accepted sense. I so use them, not because this commends itself to me, but because I find them so used in the advertisement columns; therefore I can but conclude that they are thus current in the labor market. By a quaint chance, there is at my elbow as I write one of sturdy William Cobbett's works, and I read: "Every merchant, every master-manufacturer, every dealer, if at all rich, is

an esquire; squires' sons must be gentlemen and squires' wives and daughters ladies." This was in 1830 or so, and the grand old democrat was horrified at what was "a ridiculous misapplication of words," and worse. If he had lived to read my religious paper's advertisement columns! Well, we have lost sight of the true significance of these terms, there is no doubt; and we have invented the term "boulder"—a fine commentary!

She sinks every other matter in that one hopeless quest. The Useful Help, Nursery Governess, Companion, Lady Servant—they are at one in this desire. Whichever it be, she offers her musicalness, her capacity for parish work, her loyal church-womanship, her accustomed-to-childrenness, her attainments as cyclist and reader, even her needlework, her "would travel," her knowledge of cooking, sometimes—"in return for a home."

There are reams of such advertisements every week—that is, there are endless ill-to-be-spared three-and-sixpences and a corresponding number of patient sighs and disappointments, because the simple, untrained thousands of these poor souls never realize that they are asking for the impossible, the gift of gifts, the thing men slave and strive and wear out heart and brain for; the thing beautiful women and clever women and brilliant women sell their charms for, that they suffer unspeakable humiliations to retain; the thing that will always be an illusory dream to more than one-third of the world's millions—a home.

Believe it if you can, in one column, under my eye at this moment, I have six advertisements beginning "No salary," "In return for a home," and—how tentative and pathetic this last—"Small salary (or waived)." She tries—with what a desperate courage!—to extort that pittance, which will keep her in cotton gloves, which will free her from the indignity (she feels it an indignity) of the worn-out clothing of some niggard relative; she makes a timorous assault upon the world's hard heart—or a timorous appeal, if you prefer, to its vaunted generosity—her pen anxiously hovering between the paper and the inkpot; shall she or shall she not? Well, after all, if you don't ask for something, you can't expect to get anything, so she will. But again that small salary may just prevent some

nice family with a corner in a home to give away, from replying to her—so no, she will not. Or, yes—put it, and then say that she is prepared to do without it! "Small salary (or waived)." After all, she has so little to offer! Her gentleness, perhaps her middle-age; these are the main things—in other words, her refined incapacity to do the things people will pay to have done. There goes her hoarded three-and-sixpence, and the following days bring in that harvest of her sighs and her disappointments.

She never reads the advertisement columns where domestic servants offer themselves, or she would know that no servant has ever been known to advertise for a home. This is extremely significant. A servant offers her labor in certain definite fields for certain definite sums; and to her, sleeping and eating for a year or two in the situation she secures, it becomes home—home meaning the place where one lives. Yet the servant has her mysterious and sacred understanding of the term, too—for she seldom *speaks* of a situation as her "home." "Do you know Brighton?" you ask the servant. "Oh yes, I lived there in a family for eight years." Or, "Yes, I was in service there till I came to Mrs. Brown's."

Home, to the servant, is that tiny house she is to share with her young man some day—or never, as the case may be. Till that day the servant bravely casts herself into the big world, is cheerfully homeless, and spends her holidays at "mother's." All the time, notice that shy but proud reservation in connection with the word "home."

It is believed—I have seen it argued—that my lady advertiser does not read the servant advertisements, or seek the servant's excellent berth and wages, because she won't or can't do anything menial. Take "can't" first. Will anybody tell me that a woman lives who is incapable of doing the work of a

housemaid? It *cannot* be seriously contended. Numbers of women can't cook, could not wait, could not sew, dress-make, do hair, do lamps, do silver; but the woman who could not make a bed, sweep a floor, dust a dressing-table, cannot be produced. No doubt she would do it all badly. But then some servants do it very badly, yet they get places quite easily. I take housemaid-ing as the least skilled domestic labor, and I say every woman, with the right amount of limbs and her eyesight, could be a housemaid—of sorts—to-morrow. That, to my mind, disposes of "can't," and there remains to investigate "won't."

"Won't" is more serious. My lady, then, would not like to live in kitchen or servants' hall, would not like to say "Yes, m'm" to some other lady, would not like to "do grates" (grates are such an interesting and powerful barrier; they take five minutes a-piece every day and an old pair of gloves; but the people who won't do grates, servants among them, if lined up three deep, would reach from London to Dover). Well, but that argument does not serve us, for there *are* numbers of lady servants, lady cooks, lady generals even. So ladies will be servants, will even do grates, it seems? Yes, on one condition.

Before we look at that condition we must, for the sake of clearness, take notice that a sub-division has appeared in the group of advertisers; on the one hand we have (a) those who could (so I claim) be housemaids and won't; those who demand before everything a home, which can only be offered while they retain that fiction of equality between the dependent and the independent—for it is a fiction, dear ladies!—and (b) those who can be servants and will. At first sight our sympathy flows out to group b. They have apparently recognized that the retention of equality between dependent and independent is a fiction,

and they have thrown it overboard. They have sunk that matter of "a home;" they are armed with the courage of the servant who, for a "mean-time" which she hopes to make brief, is prepared to be without a home. Not only can they do housework, but they know that "a quarter of an hour for every pound it weighs" roasts the joint, that a pinch of soda in the water keeps greens green; in other words, they have mastered the mysteries of "plain" cooking! They are going out to work. Brave little women. Shall we applaud them? First let us investigate the *condition* on which they go forth. They will live in the servants' hall or kitchen; they will, I am credibly informed, say "Yes, madam" to other ladies—on one condition: that you *call* them ladies. Gentlehood again! Precious, precious distinction.

Return for a moment to the real housemaid; glance at the prizes in her profession in the servants' column of my paper. Here:—

As first of five, town and country; Churchwoman; four years in last situation; tall, 35; wages £30-£35.

That's one of the prizes. To obtain it you must have a thorough knowledge of the routine of a big house, excellent manners and address, and the ability to make four young women do the work.

Why should not my lady aspire to that and pocket her £35 a year? Her food would be excellent; she would have her well arranged leisure, healthy and pleasant life in town and country, a separate bedroom, be sure, and an early cup of tea; £35 in her pocket, of which she could save £25; tips of half a sovereign all to herself; but she would not be *called* a lady, so she prefers to answer this:—

Lady servant.—Quiet country place, no washing or children; must be early

riser, good cook, economical manager; some assistance in kitchen in morning; wages £15.

That is, on the face of it, no prize! "Economical manager;" "a cold-meat place," as the servants say. No early tea for the early riser unless she gets it herself, stumbling about beside the scullery gas-ring in the dark winter mornings. Gas-ring? Nonsense; "quiet country place"—there is no gas-ring; she must do her flues and light the stove before she gets that cup of tea—if she *does* get it. For "economical managers" in quiet country places regard "early tea" as sinful. Ah, but **then she is to be called a lady.** You always come back to that—the gentleness. With £15 a year in her carefully mended pocket, and all the work of a small house (I find "assistance in kitchen in morning" ambiguous to a degree; does it mean a good strapping girl to scrub? Not a bit of it; it means the mistress trotting in to measure out the rice for the pudding), what time has she to enjoy the comforts of gentleness? Believe me, the housemaid who is first of five with her £35 a year has *far* more chance in this direction. What does this subtle privilege connote? It is not the material comforts enjoyed by gentleness that my lady wants. We have seen that. She who can be housemaid, who knows a housemaid's work, and will do it, does not ask the leisure, neat clothing, good quarters, change of scene and spare cash which my "first of five" will secure. That post has two drawbacks: (1) that she would not, in the advertisement, be called a lady; (2) that she would have to put up with the society of other servants. Well, for my part, I'd sooner have the society of servants than no society at all, which is to be the fate of my lady in the £15 a year situation, with all the work of a small house to do. Yes, I would. You have to choose, not between society of servants and so-

ciety of equals but between society of servants and no society at all—that is, no human intercourse. If you approach humanity in a timid, shrinking spirit, first demanding "refinement," and somewhat distrustful of flesh and blood—and I fear this is rather the spirit in which my lady regards it—why, then you are no doubt best with £15 a year in a drab little kitchen; your ear at least will not be afflicted by the unrestrained voices of young persons who refer to the elegant and remote mistress of the establishment as "the old girl." No, stick to the drab kitchen, your own beige-colored reflections about the constituents of the steam-pudding, and listen to the colorless jump of the mincing knife as you reduce the cold shoulder of mutton to a tasteless hash.

I'm not with you. I should strike boldly for the highest salary and the most comfortable situation, on the principle—so very sound just here—that the more money the more independence. If I were you, I should accept the tips and the beer-money and the rest of it, not straining at gnats with a lady-like cough, but boldly gulping the entire cloud of ephemera along with the camel. It would not hurt you to talk to the butler.

But no; the lady servant will live the life and do the work of a servant if you *call* her a lady, and if she has not to mix with servants. Cheerfully (at least, I hope she does it cheerfully—one should always do one's paying with a good grace) she puts down £20 as the price of her exemption from the society of servants, and pockets the balance of that £35 she might have earned as "first of five" housemaids. Since she cannot have the society of equals (as though this were so invariably congenial!) she will have none. Away! *En wagon!* for the quiet place in the country where there are no children and no washing.

And she is *not* bartering her gentle-

hood in return for a home; positively, to my mind, that is a more sensible exchange than hers.

This pride (it must be pride; at any rate, that is a convenient term) manifests itself so oddly. She does not say to herself, "I'm a woman of gentle birth, breeding and training; I've had a lady's education; if I can't be a cleverer housemaid, cook, nurse, whatever it is than these other people, and so earn better wages, what is the use of dear father having been a retired naval officer, or doctor or vicar of Slocum-Podger for twenty-five years, and of dear mother's first cousin being knighted for his services to Government in India? I've good blood in my veins; my people mayn't have made money, but they've always been honorable men and women; lots of them have served the Queen. I'm going to be the very best cook, or housemaid, or nurse that ever was, and have the best wages for it and the most comfortable situation."

But they *never* say that—at least, it seems they don't.

Though it baffles, it yet interests me. It is a big thing, deeply felt by many, hotly preyed on by others, this passion to retain the title, if not the ease, the *agréments* of a lady.

We will return to the columns of my paper. Hotly preyed on, I say. Listen to this:

Wanted, Gentlewoman, to pay small sum weekly and *teach girl* of eight French, music, drawing—

I break off, in order to urge that this be read a second time, and slowly. Three accomplishments: French, drawing and music. *And she is to pay for teaching them!* Now, why? Here you are; because there is "Bright bedroom; happy home; bracing lovely country."

I should exhaust the fount of exclamation marks if I attempted to express my astonishment at this horrible and barefaced attempt. Please note the

beginning; it is altogether a *most* subtle advertisement, but the beginning is the worst of all. It was framed by a very clever woman, and one with a profound and no doubt cynical appreciation of the weaknesses of the class she is addressing. For what does she want? She wants a governess. Some one to teach "French, drawing, music;" *i. e.*, a governess. They why does she not say so? Because she would have to offer that governess £25 a year. If it were a nursery governess, she could offer (like the next advertisement appearing below) £16 a year. But for a girl of eight you can't talk of a nursery governess; and a governess would want—well, you can hardly put it at less than £25. But she isn't going to pay £25. Far from it; she is going to be paid. She really has a spare bedroom and wants a paying guest; why should not that paying guest teach her little girl of eight? Why not, indeed? So she makes play with those two baits to which I have given so much attention—"Wanted, a *gentlewoman*" (the word "*gentlewoman*" pleases my poor ladies much more than the word "*lady*;" it causes them to make their sacrifice the larger. They will give much to be called lady; more to be called *gentlewoman*!); "*happy home*." A gaudy fly to throw upon the troubled waters of life for starving spinsterhood to rise to, is it not, to be called a *gentlewoman* and have a happy home? Isn't it worth teaching your three accomplishments for? Isn't it worth more—much more; isn't it worth paying a small weekly sum for, as well?

Ah, my poor ladies! All the refinement—you cling so, I am aware, to the idea of refinement—is in the advertisement here. No advertiser so unscrupulous can have much of it in that "*happy home*" she offers. Even the innocent country (lovely and bracing as well) is dragged in to trick out the shabbiness of the "*deal*" proposed. Why not "*ex-*

cellent old-fashioned garden?" We should have had that, I feel sure, only it would have carried the advertisement beyond the limit of the sum fixed. Besides, this operator is too clever to overdo the thing. She has said quite enough, with her "gentlewoman" and her "home" and her archi-clever suggestion, contained in the "small weekly payment" phrase of *leaving that gentlewoman her independence*, and I do not doubt she had her fifty, her hundred and fifty, replies.

I will not pause over the dozens of advertisements I see of ladies who wish to be companions, "with small salary." They offer themselves in legions; they are "cheerful," "thoroughly domesticated," "willing to undertake light household duties," "bright," "musical," "good readers," have a knowledge of housekeeping and accounts; are not afraid of secretarial, nay, of "literary" work. These last are the people with the sprawly "J" pen hand-writings, whose knowledge of punctuation begins and ends with a dash, sometimes even a double dash. They are all ladies, yet none of them can even punctuate; they spell "separate" with an "e" in the middle, and come to early grief in "disappointment." "Febuary" is a month in their calendar, "Teusday" a day in their week.

A horrid air of failure, of crushedness, of appalling tameness, dwells in their advertisements. This it is that shocks me. Oh, let them not be meek—publicly meek. Meekness may conceivably be becoming in persons who *have* inherited the earth, but it makes one sick and choke with tears in persons who have not inherited so much as would fill a flower-pot, or, what would be of more use, the £70 a year which would keep them out of this advertisement column in my religious paper.

For I envisage, and would pray them to envisage, the gentlehood blight or

boon in a totally different spirit. I confine myself now to such of them as could not possibly enter the domestic servant rank; such of them, that is, as, having been in the world for thirty odd years, having thus consumed some eleven thousand dinners, teas and breakfasts, and put themselves to bed eleven thousand times, have atrophied to such a point of refined ineptitude that they could not cook the least of those dinners or prepare a single one of those beds. It will be observed that I do not blame them for not being able to become teachers—particularly not of the youngest young. I take it as admitted by all thinking persons that to have had an education yourself is no guarantee that you can pass it on to others; that, in fact, teaching, besides being an undoubted gift, demands also a highly specialized training. No, of course, they could not be teachers, be typewriters, be secretaries, be shop-girls. Shop-girls have to begin young—much younger than my poor ladies, who at eighteen are still hopeful of marriage and the mazy future which is vaguely built about the nebulous figure of a man. And shop-girls have to have a very special kind of hair, which will frizz into a suitable bush; without it you can hardly imagine them slamming the boxes of "Imitation Val." onto the counter and exchanging spiteful amenities freaked freely with endearing terms. My ladies have never had this hair, and at thirty display a polite but mousy plait or twist—and they are too old to learn to be shop-girls.

It must be stated frankly, in order that we may honestly and successfully seek our remedy for such a state of things; they can do nothing—nothing at all. They are only "ladies."

It is here I would still bid them be hopeful—at least in the advertisement. Assume that their gentlehood is genuine and actual, and that they persistent-

ly regard it as an asset. There is more in the thing than they suppose. But they must get it into the right focus.

Suppose a woman who dislikes both walking and cycling, knows nothing of parish labor, has a rooted aversion to meddling with the poor, is useless at macramè or other fancy-work, constitutionally inimical to bazaars and jumble-sales, over-conscious of abysmal defects of character to push the moral betterment of independent Britons, and who only likes old ladies when they are very sweet and dear—suppose myself, for example. I would undertake to secure a salary of not less than £60 a year to-morrow by a perfectly simple means, and working under those hallowed initials, "A.B."

It shall be as companion; or, if I go into the domestic arena as housemaid, I only undertake to be offered £30. I choose these two positions because they demand no special qualifications save that one should be a healthy and normal human being, having speech, hearing and the use of one's limbs.

A prolonged study of advertisements; some knowledge of human nature, such as may be gleaned up and down the world; a small understanding of the mind of employers, lead me to this confident assertion.

As Companion.—Scottish gentlewoman desires post in county family; salary £65; age 30. A. B., etc.

That seems simple? It is, on the contrary, most subtle and *rusé*. I will explain. Take the adjective Scottish (English or Irish would do as well), but observe what "style" is secured by the adjective, what distinction it gives. Why "county family?" Because I immediately attract any rich tradesman who has taken a mansion in the country, does not stick at money, and has a vague feeling that he would like a gentlewoman to show him how to live

in it, while the real county family, who would suit my purpose equally well, does not, naturally, object to its correct designation.

Well, then, I add no qualifications; that is most important. A woman cannot—or should not—be expected to describe herself as "bright," "cheerful," etc. Hired brightness has a terrible ring about it, and is no doubt only more terrible in the fact than in the suggestion. Besides, it seems too eager. A nervous toadying desire to please is the last thing one should desire to convey. I take the qualifications for granted; I do not explain, expatiate or seek to convince. That gives great *cachet* to the advertisement. Then the bold statement of the salary. Only ill-bred, self-conscious persons make mysteries about money, when they are being hired; the dignified openness of this statement appeals to the real county families, which know that no woman living in their house could dress on less, and the electro-plate families like it because it sounds expensive. They would enjoy the piquancy of paying their lady companion only £10 a year less than their butler. No mention of references in the advertisement—most important. The Scottish gentlewoman takes that as a matter of course—all decent people have references. If I mentioned them at all it would be to put "references exchanged," but that would "head off" the electro people, so it is better not, as the electro people would, on the whole, be the more amusing.

As a housemaid, I need hardly pause to describe the advertisement. If there is anything one should confidently expect of a lady, it is that her ideal of cleanliness, order and particularity should be a high one. Also that she should have the gift of causing people to work without friction. Therefore, knowing how things should look, knowing what will cause them to look so, in

the way of cleaning materials, and knowing the routine and life of a large house, I enjoy the happy confidence that I could command £30 a year to-morrow as housemaid.

Let me now seek to range some of the conclusions reached by this brief but, I may claim, earnest investigation of the market of ladies' unskilled, and partially skilled, labor.

I have not concealed that I think my advertisers foolish in the way they go about things, and I have shown that my ideas and theirs on the subject of gentlehood are not one; but I am not without sympathy. True, I should seek to obtain a large salary—on the ground that in money lies independence for lonely self-supporting women, and in money only. It would be by *calling* myself a servant, not a useful help or any other spurious and timid term. If I worked as a servant, I would work with servants where, in the meantime, the best wages can be secured; this because I dislike loneliness, am fond of humanity, and think I might even be amused and cheered by the observation of it in the servants' hall. And I feel almost certain I should prefer to work as a servant among servants to being a companion. (A servant with £30 a year is better off than a lady with £60.) Having shown how, if I did use gentlehood as a vendable commodity, by my advertisement for the situation of companion, I would go to work, I will now confess that in my own person I could never consent so to regard it. That advertisement is intended as a model only for those ladies who will not join me in the following conclusion—a very serious conclusion, this time.

Gentlehood is not a vendable commodity. The more I look at it as an article of barter, the less I like it. It is, in my opinion, a horrible offence against good taste, from whatever point of view you consider it. We have seen that it is a drug in the

market, that it exposes those who handle it to degrading advances—witness the advertisement for "French, drawing, music" to a little girl of eight and the "small weekly payment." But I go further than all this, ladies; it should never be in the market, never be "quoted" at all.

After writing a whole article about it, I am driven to the apparently inconsistent admission that gentlehood should not be mentioned, should *never be talked about*. Certainly, it should disappear from the columns of my religious and all other papers. The simple fact that it flaunts there shows me what a pitifully false conception of it must be abroad.

To be *called* a lady, to *call* yourself a lady—this is all wrong, horribly, jarringly wrong.

There is said to be some difficulty in deciding "nowadays" (it is a new difficulty belonging only to our times) on what *is* a lady, on what *is* a gentlewoman. Without attempting, near the end of an article, to answer this question, I would suggest that for the purposes of the labor market, only those persons are ladies whose whole manner and bearing are impressed by this impalpable patent. That is, if it is *there*, this gentlehood, it makes itself *felt*. Not, indeed, in such matters as not wearing a cap, *not* doing this, *not* doing that. Curious that any one should seek to establish her claim to it by an enumeration of the things she will not do. But this, in the labor market, has been, too, the general usage. I suggest that this usage be given up. It is invidious; it takes effect, so I think, in quite an inverse sense to that intended; it is, I hold, unworthy of a lady.

Nowhere is it more marked than in relation to hospital nurses, and my rather wide experience of this army of workers has left me with the ascertained knowledge that the women who approach me with a string of "won't

do's" are never ladies. They are persons with no claim to the title whatsoever, whose feverish and unrelaxing efforts to establish at every turn the difference between themselves and domestic servants reveal incontestably the fact that they are poachers upon this preserve of gentleness.

No lady finds it necessary to prove, by the non-carrying of trays and the non-emptying of basins, or other preferred media, that she is a lady.

Even here, honesty impels me to a qualification; for even amongst ladies of assured position—those who have seen nothing but prosperity and sunshine—I have found a singularly muddled outlook which leaves them in doubt as to whether they can or cannot do this or that. They do not seem to enjoy completely the confident belief that a lady can do anything and everything that has to be done.

I once met a friend carrying home, slung cleverly upon a parasol, a cardboard dress-box. I was a little shocked. Not at her carrying it, but at her finding it necessary to stop me and explain *why* she was carrying it. I had never given the matter a thought. It could not have occurred to me to wonder why she was not in a cab; if I had paused over the matter for a second, I should have concluded that, of course, there was some reason, since people do not act without reasons. But I went on my way a little jarred, because she had felt it necessary then and there to explain.

An intimate friend supplies me with two instances of this slight confusion, in the minds of women who are gentlewomen, as to what one "can" do.

One time, when her good nurse was suddenly called to a sick mother, the question arose, Who should take her baby out? She thought the under-nurse too young and slight of build to conduct the mail-cart. She dressed plainly, and taking her too, to relieve

her if she should get tired of the unaccustomed wheeling, made her way to the Green Park, where the child was taken every day, it being more open and higher than St. James's Park. He demanded to see the guard mounted at the Palace, and they thus met a few passing friends. These one and all seemed amazed, and chaffed her according to their temper. One or two commended her "pluck." But a worse case also befell her.

Her cook was ill with pneumonia, and, returning from a party one night, the maid, watching by, told her that there was an insufficient supply of milk in the house to last the night. The doctor had ordered nothing but milk. Some must be got. She surveyed the neighboring houses—all lights were out. Five and twenty past twelve—public-houses would be still open. The pretty, blue-eyed, smiling parlor-maid must not be sent. In two minutes she left the house in a morning-gown, a jug in her hand, and plunged into the public bar of "The Ship" not far off, out of which certain patrons were rolling sedately.

"Could you be so kind as to let me have a pint of milk? I find there is very little in the house, and I need it for an invalid," said she.

Sodden silence in the smoky atmosphere.

"I'll see, madam, if we have some."

The jug was passed over. In a moment the barman returned with it, and she thanked him, paid and went home.

This incident my friend mentioned casually next morning to another friend; the reception it met with decided her to be silent regarding it in future. Her heroism was applauded as if she'd saved a baby from an attic in a fire! In vain my friend assured this conventional woman she had expended no "courage" in the matter; that it had cost her only the momentary tremor of intruding where she was not expected

in that bar. She could only see it as an instance of amazing nerve. She "could never" have done it. She wouldn't have been afraid, exactly, but—oh no, she could *never* have done it. Then she suddenly went into fits.

"What if you had been *seen* going into your own house at half-past twelve at night with a quart jug in your hand! Oh, oh, oh!"

"And what if I had?"

"Oh, don't you see?"

"I suppose I do, and I think it's too silly for words! Either you would have had me leave my poor servant without the thing ordered for her and essential to her or expose my pretty parlor-maid or goosey little housemaid to an assault in the street; and all this to avoid a possible returning neighbor concluding that I was in the habit of 'fetching the beer.'"

I am wholly with my little friend in the matter. No courage, pluck and the rest were required to take out her own baby or fetch milk from a public-house (which, as she said, a more thoughtful woman would have ordered in before she went to her party). But a *simple view* of things is required. Women are not good at seeing the *essential* in life. They should constantly practise themselves in discriminating between the essential, the things that matter, and the non-essential, or the things that do not matter.

Do you remember the scene in "The Master Builder" where the wife *wants* and feels she *ought* to go out and prevent her husband ascending the tower, but, some ladies being announced, she thinks that she *cannot* leave them alone in the drawing room, because they will think it so odd or so rude or something? She goes to the visitors. Her husband goes up the tower and falls—as she thought he would—and breaks his neck. That is a fine instance of the confusion that exists in some wom-

en's minds between the essential and the non-essential. In a cook, cooking is essential; in a nurse, nursing. Lady or not lady, let them agree to stand or fall, in the labor market, by the merit of their work.

For all practical purposes, this rule seems to be a safe one: that woman is a lady—cook, typist, artist or companion—whom everybody feels to be a lady. The thing—that fine elusive element that lies subtly, as a fragrance, in character, conduct, presentment, and complete personality—if it *is* there, cannot be concealed. What cannot be concealed is in no danger of being ignored.

And to its possessor it is an advantage because a protection. This is felt by the woman quite alone in the world, and she must not be blamed for an almost farcical circumspection of conduct which may lead to puerile and petty concessions to vulgar opinion. It is foolish of the well-placed, non-working lady to be shy of carrying a parcel. It is not foolish, or not so foolish in my advertiser alone—alone in lodgings. According to her trifling actions, she is either, in her landlady's view, "*quite the lady*," or "not what I should 'ardly call a lady." We must make excuses for her then if she takes steps, and not always wise or clever steps, to retain about her shoulders, like some cloak that once was very warm, this thin, fast-melting cover of the *neiges d'antan*.

A cover, an advantage, a protection, I have said so; to a woman facing the world alone gentlehood may be this. But the whole point lies here: it is so only to the woman who carries it unself-consciously; to whom its subtle, delicate aura is so native as to be forever unexpressed, uncanvassed, uncatalogued—how shall I say?—inherent. When she begins to talk about it, to fight for it, to advertise it, and to make play with it as a commercial asset, much if not most of its power is lost.

Mélie Muriel Dowie.

PASTEUR.*

"L'œuvre de Pasteur est admirable; elle montre son génie, mais il faut avoir vécu dans son intimité pour connaître toute la bonté de son cœur," wrote one of Pasteur's most distinguished disciples who was in daily intercourse with him.

This sentiment, so simply and so eloquently expressed by Dr. Roux, can now, thanks to M. Vallery-Radot, be shared by that larger circle of Pasteur's friends and admirers who, distributed in all quarters of the globe, knew him in his public capacity, but could not have the privilege of being included amongst his intimate associates.

There are, however, few men whose scientific writings reflect the inner life of the man to the same extent as do those of Pasteur, for with Pasteur his work was his life—his religion, and it was inseparably bound up with every action, with every aspiration.

M. Vallery-Radot has enabled us to accompany Pasteur throughout his career, to share alike in his joys and his sorrows, in his anxieties and his triumphs, guiding and directing us the while with consummate skill, so that the true proportion of the actions and events which are recorded is maintained in their relation to the whole. As Pasteur's son-in-law, M. Radot has had exceptional opportunities for undertaking this biography, and already we are familiar with his workmanship in that vivid sketch of Pasteur published many years ago in which the authorship is modestly veiled under the title "Histoire d'un savant par un ignorant." This little volume was

brought out in Pasteur's life-time; since his death we have had M. Duclaux's intellectual appreciation of his master, whom he succeeded as Director of the Pasteur Institute, Dr. Roux's sympathetic personal reminiscences of his great teacher, M. Fleury's impressionist sketch, and in England the volume in the Century Science Series, for which the writer of this notice and her husband are responsible. M. Radot's work differs from all of these inasmuch as he has had access to letters and diaries, note-books and divers documents which were to others inaccessible, and by the judicious use of which the personal element is so happily brought into relief and yet blended so harmoniously with its surroundings.

Of no man can it be more truly said that whatsoever his hand found to do he did it with all his might; the *de minimis non curat* did not exist for Pasteur. As Dean of the new Faculté des Sciences at Lille, for example, despite his passionate devotion to his researches on crystals and molecular dissymmetry, he would forsake his beloved laboratory to take his students round factories and foundries, even organizing a tour in Belgium so that they might visit the industries of the country, "questioning the foreman with his insatiable curiosity, pleased to induce in his students a desire to learn."

Later, when he returns to the Ecole Normale as administrator and director of scientific studies, in which office was included such miscellaneous duties as the surveillance of the economic and hygienic management, the responsibility for general discipline, intercourse

* "The Life of Pasteur." By Rene Vallery-Radot. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Pp. 628; 2 vols. Westminster:

Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd., 1902. Price 32s.

with the families of the pupils and the literary or scientific establishments frequented by them, we find him noting down as matters for attention "Catering; ascertain what weight of meat per pupil is given at the Ecole Polytechnique. Courtyard to be strewn with sand. Ventilation of class-room. Dining hall door to be repaired."

If professors in this country have, in the past, had but slight encouragement to embark upon research, what would they have said to the position of Pasteur in this respect, who at the Ecole Normale, in addition to such vexatious demands upon his valuable time, had no laboratory, but a garret only in which to carry on his investigations, whilst we hear of him later "building a drying-stove under the staircase; though he could only reach the stove by crawling on his knees, this being better even than his old attic?"

The general state of affairs connected with higher education in France was indeed at that time most deplorable, and Duruy, the enlightened Minister of Public Instruction, whilst sympathizing with the lamentable position occupied by science in the country and deeply regretting the penurious policy which stifled its aspirations, was unable to make his voice heard in Cabinet councils, the other ministers, we are told by him, "being absorbed in politics."

Pasteur and Duruy had often discussed the contrast presented by the flourishing young University of Bonn, with its staff of fifty-three professors and vast laboratories for chemistry, physics and medicine, and the Strassburg faculty, with its handful of teachers, hampered in every direction by a policy of deplorable penury. It is not surprising to find Pasteur, in the anguish of his soul, well-nigh crushed by the disasters which overwhelmed his country, bitterly exclaiming in 1870:—

"We savants were indeed right when we deplored the poverty of the department of Public Instruction! The real cause of our misfortune lies there. It is not with impunity—as it will one day be recognized, too late—that a great nation is allowed to lose its intellectual standard. . . . We are paying the penalty of fifty years' forgetfulness of science, of its conditions of development, of its immense influence on the destiny of a great people, and of all that might have assisted the diffusion of light.

Again he writes in a pamphlet entitled "Why France found no Superior Men in the Hours of Peril:"—

France has done nothing to keep up, to propagate and to develop the progress of science in our country. . . . She has lived on her past, thinking herself great by the scientific discoveries to which she owed her material prosperity, but not perceiving that she was imprudently allowing the sources of those discoveries to become dry. . . . Whilst Germany was multiplying her universities, establishing between them the most salutary emulation, bestowing honors and consideration on the masters and doctors, creating vast laboratories amply supplied with the most perfect instruments, France, enervated by revolutions, ever vainly seeking for the best form of Government, was giving but careless attention to her establishments for higher education.

This crying need of a people was voiced by Pasteur more than thirty years ago, at a time when great national disasters were sweeping all before them; a quarter of a century later these words sound a prophetic note of warning to another nation which, with similar arrogance and similar criminal neglect, has made a fetish of political illusions whilst the very foundations upon which the soul of the people depends have been forgotten or deliberately ignored.

"Is it not deplorable, almost scandalous," exclaims the Minister Duruy,

"that the official world should be so indifferent on questions of science?" Would that England had a minister who, whilst sharing such a conviction, possessed the courage to express it! Pasteur with rare prescience was never weary of insisting upon the importance of higher education; "if that teaching is but for a small number, it is with this small number, this *élite*, that the prosperity, glory and supremacy of a nation rest," and we find him again and again returning to the same theme.

M. Radot takes us step by step along the victorious path which Pasteur cleared in the conquest of the most difficult scientific problems of the day. Yet he reminds us that those imaginative people

who would decorate the early years of Louis Pasteur with wonderful legends would be disappointed; . . . at the Arbois College he belonged merely to the category of good average pupils . . . at the examination for the *baccalauréat ès sciences* he was only put down as *médiocre* in chemistry.

But all this was to be changed, and under the inspiring influence of two such teachers as Balard and Dumas he became a student of chemistry second to none in the enthusiasm for his subject.

His discoveries in crystallography soon won for him a foremost place in the scientific world. In a letter from the great physicist Biot to Pasteur's father we have a charming tribute paid by the aged to the young philosopher.

It is the greatest pleasure that I can experience in my old age to see young men of talent working industriously, and trying to progress in a scientific career by means of steady and persevering labor and not by wretched intriguing. That is what has made your son dear to me, and his affection for me adds yet to his other claims and increases that which I feel for him.

Biot's friendship for Pasteur, which ripened into a fatherly love and pride in his work, only terminated with his death and was one of Pasteur's most valued possessions.

It will be remembered how Mitscherlich had discovered that the two tartaric acids so familiar to chemists, while apparently identical in chemical composition, in chemical properties, in crystalline form and, in fact, in every known detail, behaved differently in solution towards polarized light. This distinguished crystallographer, unable to detect any difference in these two tartrates, asserted that they were identical in every other particular. Pasteur could not accept this conclusion as to the absolute identity of these substances in face of the fact of their different behavior towards polarized light, and determined, if possible, to procure some of the inactive tartaric or racemic acid and submit it to an exhaustive examination. But how to procure this racemic acid? Originally obtained in 1820 by Kestner, at Thau, through a mere accident in the manufacture of tartaric acid, it had suddenly ceased to appear in spite of all efforts to obtain it again. Pasteur's emotion was immense on hearing from Mitscherlich that a manufacturer in Saxony had again produced some racemic acid, and that he believed the tartars employed had originally come from Trieste. "I shall go to Trieste," says Pasteur, in a fever of excitement; "I shall go to the end of the world. I *must* discover the source of racemic acid, I must follow up the tartars to their origin."

Armed with letters of introduction, he starts off on his voyage of discovery and, writes a contemporary, "never was treasure sought, never adored beauty pursued over hill and vale with greater ardor."

How he succeeded in obtaining specimens and in establishing a minute difference in the crystalline structure of

these two acids, overlooked by the renowned and experienced Mitscherlich, and how his fundamental discovery of the relationship which exists between crystalline form and optical activity, followed up by a series of masterly investigations, has given birth to that fertile offshoot of chemical science known as stereochemistry, is familiar to all.

The red ribbon of the Legion of Honor was his country's recognition of these brilliant discoveries in the field of chemical science. In the further prosecution of his investigations, Pasteur discovered that if he allowed one of the salts of racemic acid to ferment, the dextro-tartaric component was alone acted upon, which action in his own words he declares to be "the ferments of that fermentation feeding more easily on the right than the left molecules." At this time, when his attention was being arrested by the problems of fermentation in connection with the production of chemical compounds, he was appointed professor at Lille. Difficulties encountered by a local manufacturer in the production of beetroot alcohol induced Pasteur to turn his thoughts more especially to the phenomena of fermentation, and these studies led by a natural sequence to his throwing down the gauntlet to the great Liebig and entering single-handed upon that famous contest with the most brilliant intellects of the day as to the origin of the phenomena of putrefaction and decay.

The current contempt for Pasteur's conclusions may be realized from the following words emanating from the most distinguished chemist of the day. In 1845 Liebig wrote:—

As to the opinion which explains putrefaction of animal substances by the presence of microscopic animalcules it may be compared to that of a child who would explain the rapidity of the Rhine current by attributing it to the

violent movement of the numerous mill-wheels of Mayence.

Pasteur relates how, several years later, he visited Liebig in his laboratory, anxious to induce him to acknowledge the truth of his theories; he was received with kindly courtesy, but on endeavoring to approach the delicate subject he had so much at heart, Liebig, "without losing his amenity, refused all discussion, alleging indisposition."

The multiplicity and varied character of Pasteur's researches have been well-nigh forgotten by a generation which almost exclusively associates his name with the work of his later years—rabies and its prevention. His researches on vinegar, on the diseases of wine, his laborious investigations extending over years which succeeded in disclosing the origin of the diseases in silk-worms which had threatened to ruin the silk industry of France, his studies on beer collected in a magnificent volume covering nearly 400 octavo pages, are but a few of the colossal labors which occupied his mind before he became absorbed in the study of contagious diseases.

At the ripe age of fifty-five we find him devoting himself with all the energy and enthusiasm of youth to the study of pathological phenomena. Various theories as to the origin of anthrax were in the air at the time when Pasteur determined to enter the field. M. Radot gives a most vivid account of these researches and of the hopes and anxieties to which Pasteur was a prey at this time, living as he did in a condition of intense nervous tension and excitement during their progress. Difficulties, however, never deterred, they only served to stimulate, Pasteur. The memoir in which Pasteur and his assistants communicated their successful investigations on anthrax and septi-cæmia to the Academy of Sciences is famous, not only on account of the

manner in which they mastered the etiology of these diseases, but also for the extreme fertility and originality of the ideas and experiments which it records. Having established the identity of the virus he set to work to discover the means of combating its action, and thus he was led to those epoch-making researches in the domain of immunity which were to succeed in converting a virus into a vaccine—a malignant foe into a beneficent friend—and which have made the name of Pasteur a household word revered in the remotest corners of the globe.

M. Radot, besides giving us a faithful and fascinating history of Pasteur's scientific life and aspirations, has, with the delicate touch of the master revealed the inner life of this great genius, with rare subtlety indicating the essential character of the man who,

absorbed as he was in his daily task, yet carried within himself a constant aspiration towards the ideal, a deep conviction of the reality of the infinite and a trustful acquiescence in the mystery of the universe.

No one who reads Pasteur's speeches
Nature.

can fail to be struck by the lofty tone which pervades them; he sought always the highest and scorned to touch what was base; his deep religious sense communicated itself to all who were brought in contact with him, from the most exalted in the land to the poorest student who came to work under his guidance.

In one of those public utterances which in his declining years became so rare and so eagerly sought for, he tells us:—

Our only consolation, as we feel our own strength failing us, is the consciousness that we may help those who come after us to do more and to do better than ourselves, fixing their eyes as they can on the great horizons of which we only had a glimpse.

This is the keynote to his life, embodying the same passionate desire to help others which stimulated him from his earliest years, but mellowed by the ripeness of advancing age, and the consciousness of a life fast drawing to a close, the burden of which was soon to be laid aside.

G. C. Frankland.

A GREAT BUILDER OF THE OLD THREE-DECKER: F. W. ROBINSON.

On the 9th of December two principal morning newspapers gave obituary notices of two eminent men just dead. The claim to distinction of the one—F. W. Robinson—was that of having written fifty-five successful novels; the claim of the other was that of having been the elder brother of a famous ex-jockey. The number of lines given to the biography of the novelist was eleven. The number of lines given to the biography of the elder brother of

the ex-jockey was twenty-one. This is interesting, and to men of letters encouraging, for it shows that ever since the time when Dr. Johnson signed himself "Impransus" and gobbled the dinner that at last came to him behind a screen in Cave's dining-room (being too shabby to sit betwixt the wind and the nobility of the other guests) the profession of literature has been getting on. And yet, from the point of view of the mere

writing man, F. W. Robinson, for having written those fifty-five novels of his, deserved as many lines at least as were given to the other celebrity for being the brother of the ex-jockey. For to write fifty-five novels required quite as much energy, industry and talent as to be born the brother of anybody, ex-jockey or lord, which, after all, is but "the accident of an accident," to use Lord Thurlow's famous phrase. Apart from the undoubted merits of many of the fifty-five novels the career of the writer of them deserves a special word in these columns. For that career marks an epoch in the history of the English novel. Mr. F. W. Robinson, who died at Elmore House, Brixton, December 6th, was the last great builder of that vanished "three-decker" which for generations dominated the vast ocean of English fiction. His career was arrested by the new Mudie-Smith manifesto—arrested as suddenly as if that manifesto had been a cannonade from ironclads. Indeed, the abolition of the three-volume novel wiped out an entire class of novelists. There was under the old system a large army of producers who had no private buyers at all, or next to none. Their vogue was entirely confined to the subscribers of Mudie's and Smith's libraries, and the various other circulating libraries all over the United Kingdom; and it paid publishers to bring out novels by such writers as these for this market only. There is no need for me to mention the names of other novelists whose careers were virtually stopped by this great and fundamental change; but they were many, and they were often worthy producers of a worthy article. With regard to Robinson, when he was compelled at last to bring out a new story in one-volume form, the libraries, I believe, from what he told me, took the same number of copies—or about the same—of the six-shilling books as

they had taken of his previous stories published in three volumes at a guinea and a half; and instead of getting several hundred pounds for a novel, he now got considerably less than a hundred. But the remarkable thing is that in Robinson's case almost no private buyers came in to set matters right. To go through the drudgery of writing a novel and passing it through the press for a sum like this must have been the most disheartening thing imaginable to a man who for years had made about eight times as much by the "three-decker;" and he ceased writing, not because he was worn out, but because it was not worth while to write. It would be rash in times which gave birth to writers of genius like Mrs. Oliphant and Miss Braddon, and to other writers like James Payn, to say what producers of the old "three-decker" could claim to have launched the largest number of this kind of craft, but it is doubtful whether Robinson did not head them all. For many years he sent out from his shipyard a new fully-furnished structure every six months. He was a friend of mine of more than thirty years' standing. He was a friend, also, of men ten times better known than I am—Sir Edward Clarke, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Herbert Clarke, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Moy Thomas, Mr. Burgin, Mr. Aaron Watson, the late Ford Madox Brown, the late Philip Marston and his father, the beloved Dr. Westland Marston. But to none of them do I yield in affectionate remembrance of the great builder of the old three-decker.

Born in 1830, the second son of the late William Robinson of Acre Lane, Brixton, who was the owner of some considerable house property in the east and southeast of London, he began active life as his father's secretary. But among the boyish souls that the genius

of Charles Dickens had in those antediluvian days captured, Robinson was one. He began very early to dream of writing stories, lived to write, as I say, fifty-five novels, and won an obituary notice of eleven lines in two great newspapers, underneath the twenty-one lines devoted to one who was born great. Is there anything melancholy in this? In the great passage to the shores of oblivion, to which all the writers of this time are sailing and steaming, my dear old friend outstrips the entire fleet—he reaches land first. He was educated by Dr. Pinches at Clarendon House, Kennington; the school at which were educated, I think, several contemporaries and friends of his—Sir Henry Irving, Sir Edward Clarke and Mr. John L. Toole.

It was in 1855 that he took to the publishers who afterwards published nearly all his books—Messrs. Hurst & Blackett—the manuscript of his first story, “The House of Elmore.” This was extremely unlike his subsequent books. It was at once accepted and had a considerable success. From this time he wrote novel after novel, and yet he was never a slave of the desk, but loved his hours of relaxation. Besides having been a member of the Marston Club, founded in honor of Philip Marston (now called the Vagabond Club), he was a somewhat celebrated chess-player at the Crichton Club. He and I used to go every week to hear Manns’s perfect little orchestra at the Crystal Palace in very, very old days; and it was at a public ball at the seaside that I first made his acquaintance. Although he never produced a story that could fairly be called more than second-rate, he never wrote one in which there was not one scene or more so excellent, so full of true imaginative vision, that the wonder in connection with him, as Rossetti, a reader of his stories, used to say, was—why there never came from him a

story combining and concentrating all his powers. He was the forerunner of a kind of London poor-life story which has since, and quite lately, come greatly into vogue, and no one has ever depicted the London street arab with such truth and such entire sympathy. Although his first and last love was Dickens, and although he showed at times a good deal of humorous observation, it is of Defoe that he reminds the reader when he sets seriously to work to photograph London low life as he does in “Owen: a Waif,” and Glasgow low life as he does in “Jane Cameron.” After gaining a wide popularity as the author of “Grandmother’s Money,” fearing that he was producing at too rapid a rate for his market, he determined to bring out his next book anonymously and in a different style; and the result of this was that “High Church” was published without the author’s name. This had a success among an entirely new class of readers—those who would scarcely have dared to read a novel that was not associated—by name at least—with religion. Robinson was a religious man, but “High Church” had really no more to do with religion than had “Grandmother’s Money” or any of his other stories written under his own name. But that did not signify in the least. There was the word “Church” in the title. It was the first of a series he used to call “my Church novels”—such as “No Church,” “Church and Chapel,” “Christie’s Faith,” etc. The last-mentioned story had a specially large sale, for scores of the clients of Mudie asked for this novel because “Christie’s Faith” looked a little like “Christian Faith,” whereas the faith of the heroine Christie was simply faith in her lover. Some of his friends—more commercially inclined than the novelist himself—advised him to write nothing but “Church” novels; but he did not want to work too long in this line.

After a while he started a third series, which he called "The Prison Stories," beginning with "Female Life in Prison—by a Prison Matron." This book also was a great success. It consisted of sketches and stories of various prison characters, based in part upon the personal record of a real prison matron. For perfect realism it was worthy of Defoe. One sketch of an old woman who had spent two-thirds of her life in prison, whose great and, indeed, only delight in durance vile was to read her Bible, and who actually got herself sent to prison to have time and peace to pursue her Biblical studies, was a masterpiece, and was quoted over and over again in the magazines of England, America, France and Germany. No one dreamed for a moment but that it was the work of a prison matron who had recorded her real experiences. The book was, indeed, extraordinarily vivid and vital. The "Times" had a long article upon it, accepting it as a true record, and used it as the basis of a discussion on prisons and prison discipline. Not unfrequently donations were sent to the author from benevolent people for him to make use of for the welfare of the prisoners. These donations were embarrassing, but they were all scrupulously devoted to that purpose. "Jane Cameron," by the author of "Female Life in Prison," and "Prison Characters" were each of them a great success, and, like the first of the series, these books were believed to be genuine records of prison life. Getting tired of this peculiar line of work, he returned to his original line of producing the orthodox circulating-library novel by the author of "Grandmother's Money."

He was a great theatre-goer, and for something like five years he acted as an occasional dramatic critic, under the kind friend whose dramatic criticisms have so long been the brightest feature

of one of the brightest morning journals—the "Daily News." He always hankered after writing for the stage, although, at that time, the prizes of the playwright were very different from what they are now; and when his novel "Poor Humanity" became a success, he dramatized it for the Surrey Theatre. The chief character, a returned convict, was taken by Creswick with great power, in spite of the fact that the actor's wig did not properly conceal his bald scalp. A returned convict displaying great physical power should, it would seem, not be bald. The play, which had a good run, seemed to show that he would become a successful dramatist. On another occasion he joined the late Savile Clarke in a play, but they never succeeded in getting it off. His vogue in America was at one time as great as it was in England—perhaps greater; but that was before the International Copyright Act, and although he did get money from America—notably from such admirable firms as Messrs. Harper, who were always as liberal with English authors as was possible, surrounded as they were by unscrupulous pirates—what he got did not count for much. It was largely through Robinson that "Cassell's Magazine," edited by Mr. Moy Thomas (who himself contributed to it the powerful story, "A Fight for Life") got such a brilliant start in 1866, for in its first number appeared the first instalment of "Anne Judge, Spinster." This was followed by "Poor Humanity" in 1867, "For Her Sake" in 1869, "Little Kate Kerby," and "Second Cousin Sarah." When Messrs. Cassell started the "Saturday Journal"—or very shortly after its starting—Robinson wrote for it, in 1885, "The Courting of Mary Smith." A dream of his, beginning with his earliest youth, was to bring out a cheap weekly journal, but it was fully twenty years before his dream came to fruition—a fruition which, as

it turned out, was a fruition of ill-luck. He founded and edited a weekly journal called "Home Chimes." One of its claims to acceptance was to be that it would give more for a penny than any of its contemporaries. Being much esteemed in the literary world, he had no difficulty in calling in the aid of a considerable number of writers. The first number of the journal contained a poem by Mr. Swinburne, and articles by Mr. Phil Robinson, Savile Clarke and others. The periodical was doomed to failure from its commencement. The public for which the paper was instituted required writers of a very different kind from those who wrote in "Home Chimes." After running for two years as a weekly periodical, it was turned into a fourpenny monthly magazine, and although such excellent writers as Mr. James Barrie, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Burgin, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. H. E. Clarke, Mr. Thomas St. E. Hake and others put into the magazine work which afterwards became famous, it seemed to do the magazine no good whatsoever. Even "Three Men in a

The Athenæum.

Boat," which when brought out in volume form achieved a prodigious success, did not increase the sale of "Home Chimes" by a single copy. It went languishing on, to the loss of the proprietor, until at last he was obliged, in spite of his obstinate determination to keep it going, to let the magazine drop. Besides his work as a novelist, he was a somewhat prolific article-writer for the "Daily News," the "Graphic," "Black and White," "Belgravia," "Gentleman's Magazine," etc. Among his friends it was impossible for a man like Robinson not to be esteemed and beloved. He was always ready to lend a hand to any struggling man of letters, as several of the most prosperous writers of the present moment could say. He did not know what the feeling of rivalry was. And as regards photographic pictures of London poor life, which he was himself the main cause of bringing into vogue, no one was louder in praise of the admirable writers who are just now working on those lines than was the author of "Owen: a Waif," and "Mattie: a Stray."

Theodore Watts-Dunton.

LOST CASTE.

It is not necessary to go to India to hear curious stories of caste. Let us take a British example. In a professional man's household recently a maid-servant fell ill of diphtheria. Her mistress nursed her herself through a tedious illness until she was quite well. When that happy result was established, the maid immediately informed the mistress that she intended to leave her service. Now here's comedy. Think of the bewilderment of an amiable lady conscious in every fibre of her

humanity, and charity, and Christian benevolence, suddenly made aware that all these virtues surrounding her like a halo had apparently made not the slightest impression on the very person who of all others ought to have had an almost reverent admiration for them. But the reason of the maid's departure had to be given, and it was this: "I could not live with a mistress who had been waiting on me herself." Quite evidently this is not mere indifference to kindness or ingratitude. It looks un-

grateful, but it is something much more complex and harder to understand than that coarse kind of selfishness which mistress and maid have so frequently to complain of in each other, and which makes a large part of the servant problem. The girl was the slave of that mysterious influence of caste which splits up into minute sections every modern society, as it split up every ancient society, and seems likely to split up any future society that it is possible to imagine. We may put the maid's feelings something like this, though she may not exactly have realized them herself. You have transformed by your services to me the caste relations of mistress and maid, which are customary, well understood, and legal, into a relation of obligation and gratitude. I had no difficulty in serving you before because we had a definite position towards one another. You have confused that simplicity, and in the future neither you nor I will know what is involved in our relationship. You may expect too much return by way of gratitude, or on the other hand your delicacy may even prevent you from claiming your caste services from me lest you should be seeming to make capital out of your kindness. I should be in similar perplexity on my part, and the long and short of it is that we shall only worry each other in future and it is better for both of us that I should go. It seems that if the girl thought or at least felt like this, as she quite possibly may have done, she was quite right. Also conceivably she may have taken the more vulgar view of the caste relation. She may only have had that snobbery of inferior minds which runs through all classes of society by which so many people estimate their own importance according to the social rank of those on whom they are parasites or dependents. Social rank in this connection must, however, be understood

to mean now the display of superfluous wealth which in most cases confers the kind of distinction most widely appreciated. Had the lady we are speaking of been wealthy, she would have shown her kindness not by giving her personal services but by providing nursing, and paying expenses. That would have only emphasized the distinction between mistress and maid. By what she actually did she confused the distinction in the crude intellect and untrained moral character of her young servitor.

This case is an example and type of many similar difficulties that the sentiment of caste produces. It shows that it is not from the higher castes only that they arise, but that there is much pride and tenacity of privilege in the lower; indeed, it is impossible to reach a stratum so low that distinctions are merged into the condition of equality and fraternity all round. Political agitators who spread themselves out on theory, and do not look at the actual facts, are nonplussed at times with the cool reception their denunciation of social and political inequalities gets from those who, as they suppose, must be eager to redress them. There is, in fact, not half so much jealousy of the higher social ranks as there is jealousy among each rank or caste itself. Our servant girl would have forgiven her mistress much more readily for arrogance, or selfishness, or severity towards her than for being kind to her in a way which in her opinion demeaned her and lowered her in the estimation of her fellows of the domestic servant caste. The more her mistress was a "fine lady," the more attention she claimed, the more trouble she gave her, by so much the more was her own service dignified to her and the more airs she could give herself in the world which to her was all important. That would be her own ideal of being a mistress if she had servants to command,

and consequently she feels a humiliation in serving one who falls short of her ideal and therefore is not worthy of her service. The caste feeling by no means implies admiration for each other amongst the members, and desire that any one of them other than himself should prosper and pass into a grade higher. To lose caste in that way is generally much more offensive than the loss of it would be through submitting to the claims of a superior order. Thus while the workman has pride in serving the man whose wealth or station has been a family appanage for generations, and the more generations the more the workman's pride is fostered by his service, he will insult, jeer at, nickname and hate the man of his own class who has adopted the method of losing his caste by winning his way into a higher one. The man who rises is always the butt and scorn of his own class, unless he succeeds and wins a position from which he can bully and oppress them. Then they will render him a more sincere service than if he attempted to win their favor by such injudicious humanities as that of the mistress to her maid. This servility on the one hand and jealousy on the other is one of the main reasons why the parliamentary representation of working-men by their class men has been a comparative failure. It is one of the main elements by which society is held together on traditional lines; the reason why a so-called republic, unless it becomes really an aristocratic or plutocratic oligarchy, cannot be run for long. A ministry of religion that re-

tains the respect and controls a flock of the poorer classes must not be constituted of members of those classes, unless it is part of a caste or hierarchy of castes which includes higher classes than their own. The case is exactly the same with the army, where officers who have risen from the ranks have quite as much prejudice against them to contend with from men of their own order as from those who resent their intrusion into the new caste. It seems also very plausible to suppose that some part of the reason why so many people who have prospered pass from Radical circles and dissenting communities into the opposite camp is that they have less jealousy and envious opposition to encounter in their new surroundings than they would meet with amongst their old caste fellows. One amusing instance is the mutual contempt and aversion felt by the domestic men servants of the higher classes and ordinary working-men towards each other. The working-man dislikes his social equal's association with the higher caste much more than he dislikes the members of the higher caste themselves. We are inclined to think too that one of the most actual obstacles to the growth of socialism amongst English working-men is their belief that it involves an increased power of direction and control of their labor by men of their own class. It is one of their objections to co-operative stores; and the analogy of the ranker's objection to the ranker who gets his commission is exactly in point.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss Agnes Weld is at work upon an anecdotal memoir of her uncle, the late Lord Tennyson.

George Meredith's autobiography is promised for this year. Mr. Morley is to revise the proofs.

The latest edition of President Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life" contains six additional essays and addresses.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is reported to be engaged in writing her "Reminiscences," which can hardly fail of being diverting, if they are in the least candid.

Lord Wolseley has just completed his memoirs, which are said to deal not only with his own career but with the question of civilian control of the War Office, a subject upon which he naturally feels deeply.

"Linesman," author of the striking narratives of incidents in the Boer war, some of which have been reprinted in this magazine from "Blackwood's," is said to be Captain Maurice C. R. Grant of the 2d Devonshire Regiment.

The recent death of Aubrey de Vere removes one of the most prolific poets of the Victorian era, whose verses were strewn along a period of sixty years, and won high favor among cultivated readers, although they did not captivate the popular fancy.

The "Athenæum" disputes the statement that the price, about \$26,000, recently paid by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for the Fust-Schoeffer Psalter of 1459 was "the highest ever paid for a single book." The "Athenæum" avers that it is only about half the amount re-

ceived for the Ashburnham MS. of the "Evangellia Quatuor."

Mrs. Burnett has written a sequel to her story "The Making of a Marchioness" which goes far to justify the ancient jest about a woman's postscript, inasmuch as it is three times as long as the original story. It is to be called "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst" and will be published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Henrik Ibsen's rapidly failing strength precludes all possibility of his writing any more dramas. He is absorbed in painful attempts to complete his autobiography. He does the work furtively, as if his chief desire were to escape observation; he sleeps on his manuscripts, as if afraid that they might be purloined; and not even his wife is permitted to see what he writes.

The spring announcements of A. C. McClurg & Co. include five books of fiction, three of travel, one of nature studies and six works of literary interest. One striking story, entitled "The Thrall of Lief the Lucky," is a romance of Viking days, Lief being that Leif Ericsson who visited this country a thousand years ago. The book is by a young writer of Northern descent, Miss Ottillie Liljencrantz, and the story is said to be an absorbing one.

The cheapening of books can hardly go much farther than in an attractive series of penny "Notebooks," which an English house is publishing. There is one series of "Notes on the Cathedrals," intended for the use of students when larger volumes are out of reach and for hasty visitors to the cathedrals described. Another series of "Biographical Notes" includes at-

tractive booklets on King Edward, Queen Alexandra, Lord Salisbury, Tennyson, Rudyard Kipling, Lord Kitchener and others.

When so many old favorites in the field of fiction are being reproduced in new and attractive editions, it is amazing that it does not occur to some energetic publisher to issue a uniform edition of the stories of the late Mrs. Oliphant. Nearly all of her books are out of print in this country, and some of them are unobtainable in England. Such stories as "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Ladies Lindores" and "He that Will Not When He May" are worth more than scores of the present-day novels which are "boomed" to large sales by adroit advertising. A uniform edition of Mrs. Oliphant's writings would be warmly welcomed by those who are already familiar with their charm, and would find many new readers.

Few words in familiar use are less understood than "folio," "quarto," "octavo" and other corresponding terms employed in describing books. Strictly, the terms indicate that a given sheet has been folded a given number of times. Formerly, the watermarks on papers showed at once the size of the sheet. The smallest sheet, marked with a jug, was known as "pot;" the next had a cap and bells, hence our foolscap;" others bore a horn, "post," a crown and so on. Nowadays, the terms folio, quarto, etc., are sometimes loosely used to indicate the size of the pages irrespective of the number of times a sheet is folded; but strictly, a folio is a book wherein the sheets have been folded once only; in a quarto they are twice folded; in an octavo three times; in a 16mo, four times. Each sheet bears a "signature"—i. e., small letters or figures at the foot of every second, fourth, eighth or sixteenth leaf,

and this furnishes evidence of the number of times the sheet has been folded.

A somewhat amusing incident is reported in connection with the account recently rendered by Aylmer Maude of the "Resurrection Fund," which means the fund for distributing the profits arising from the sale of Tolstoy's "Resurrection." Mrs. Maude's translation was written to assist the migration of the Doukhobors. The royalties amounted to \$7,500. But when a check for \$750 drawn from this fund was sent to the clerk of the Friends' Doukhobor Committee, that estimable gentleman returned it, on the ground that "Resurrection" does not promote the cause of morality. In taking this course he acted on his own responsibility, and refunded the money out of his own pocket, saying in the note returning the check "Whether the Committee will deem it right to repay me I cannot tell."

According to the "Author" Sir Walter Besant's forthcoming autobiography is of an unusual kind. It is neither a diary, nor does it contain lengthy transcripts from a diary; it includes no letters from eminent friends, and is remarkably free from personal references; it says nothing at all about the pecuniary side of his career as a professional man of letters; and is quite silent about his domestic life. It tells briefly and modestly of the influences which led him to be a novelist and an antiquarian, and of the circumstances which conduced to his success; and undoubtedly the main purpose which Sir Walter Besant had in writing it was to draw attention to what he considered to be the proper equipment for sound and useful literary performance.

The following statistics presented by the Oxford University Press, indicate

the saving of shelf space which is effected by the use of the Oxford India paper:—

Basing a comparison on the first six volumes issued of the Oxford India Paper Dickens with the Gadshill edition, on which the former is founded, the following interesting results are found:

	Oxford Edition.	Gadshill Edition.
Number of volumes..	17	34
Size of each volume..	7x4½x11-16	8½x6x1½
Cubic space occupied by the whole edition,	348 inches	2,093 inches
Space occupied by the whole edition in shelf.....	10½ inches	59 inches
Weight of the whole edition.....	10 lb. 1 oz.	60 lb. 8½ oz.

The miniature volume of Browning weighs four ounces, it measures 4½x2¾x½ inches, and it contains 830 pages, the number of lines on a full page being twenty-nine. And in neither case is economy of space effected by the use of other than clear and easily read type.

The old question whether the growth of circulating libraries is a good or an ill thing for the booksellers has been revived in London, and experts disagree with reference to it. One influential member of the trade avers from his experience that the booksellers benefit by the libraries. "Where free libraries have been established in London," he said, "the local booksellers have told me that it was for them the best thing that could have happened." There is a rush for a book as soon as it gets talked about. The number of copies at each library is limited, and some members will soon tire of waiting, and make for the nearest bookseller's shop. This statement, however, was qualified by a well-known publisher, to whom the subject was broached. While true so far as fiction and the popular books of the day were concerned, it did not, he said, apply to more serious literature, especially to text-books and works of reference. "It would pay me," he added, "to go the round of the free libraries and buy up all my publica-

tions, for I should probably sell at least half a dozen copies for every one that finds its way into these institutions."

The old Bacon-Shakespeare controversy has been raging with renewed fury in England, the immediate cause being the publication of Mrs. Gallup's exposition of the bi-literal cipher which she thinks she has discovered in the first folio. Mr. Mallock gave a qualified endorsement of Mrs. Gallup's discoveries in "The Fortnightly Review;" "The Times" has devoted whole pages to letters and fac-similes; and the contest has been carried on with great vivacity and positiveness on both sides. Fully to explain the theory requires queer tricks with type, for the cipher is wholly a matter of typography; but the whole thing is cleverly hit off in these "Gallupping Verses:"—

Ah me! what a tragic imbroglio,
Produced by a famous first folio.
Americans swear
That a cipher lies there
To knock England's Bard rowley-powley O

Uprises a Buddhist named Sinnett,
To hail the Swan's death-warrant in it;
And an ex Oxford wit,
Named Mallock, is hit;
And perverses arrive every minute.
* * * * *

Yet Mr. Biographer Lee
Is certain as certain can be,
No mystery lurks
In Shakespearian works:
A cipher? All moonshine!" says he

And we,
We're quite in accordance with Lee.

A recent number of the London "Daily News" contained this curious advertisement:—

SPECULATIVE PUBLISHER sought for unsubmitted Lyric. 2,500 lines; transcendent; attractive; apothegmatic; finished technique.—909 V., *Daily News* Inquiry Office, 67, Fleet Street, E.C.

A CHARGE.

If thou hast squander'd years to grave
 a gem,
 Commission'd by thine absent Lord,
 and while
 'Tis incomplete,
 Others would bribe thy needy skill to
 them—
 Dismiss them to the street!

Shouldst thou at last discover Beau-
 ty's grove,
 At last be panting on the fragrant
 verge,
 But in the track,
 Drunk with divine possession, thou
 meet Love—
 Turn, at her bidding, back.

When round thy ship in tempest Hell
 appears,
 And every sceptre mutters up more
 dire
 To snatch control
 And loose to madness thy deep-ken-
 nell'd fears—
 Then to the helm, O Soul!

Last; if upon the cold green-mantling
 sea
 Thou cling, alone with Truth, to the
 last spar,
 Both castaway,
 And one must perish—let it not be he
 Whom thou art sworn to obey!
Herbert Trench.

LOSS, OR GAIN.

Is then our venture all in vain,
 Since we who were bound for El-
 dorado,
 Now were happy to sail one evening
 Into our haven-home again;
 Since we who were vowed to the
 unknown quest
 Dream but of shelter, seek but rest,
 Ask no more than a seat at the
 hearthside,
 Out of the sea-wind, out of the rain?
 If it be ours to return one day,
 How shall we greet them empty-
 handed?

What shall we tell of the unknown
 country?
 How shall we chant the unknown way?
 What will they hold the tidings
 worth
 Of shoreless seas at the ends of the
 earth?
 Whose are the treasures of gold and
 silver,
 Theirs who venture or theirs who stay?

They have triumphed where we have
 failed,
 They have obeyed where we revolted;
 Theirs the blessings of harvest
 tended,
 Ours the lashings of storms out-sailed.
 Content were they with their des-
 tined lot;
 We sought a greater and found it
 not.
 They bowed their necks to the yoke
 and fattened:
 We have wrestled with God, and God
 prevailed.

Sydney Royse Lysaght.

SONNET.

The dark and serious angel, who so
 long
 Vex'd his immortal strength in charge
 of me,
 Hath smiled for joy and fled in liberty
 To take his pastime with the peerless
 throng.
 Oft had I done his noble keeping
 wrong,
 Wounding his heart to wonder what
 might be
 God's purpose in a soul of such degree;
 And there he had left me but for man-
 date strong.
 But seeing thee with me now, his task
 at close
 He knoweth, and wherefore he was
 bid to stay,
 And work confusion of so many foes:
 The thanks that he doth look for, here
 I pay,
 Yet fear some heavenly envy, as he
 goes
 Unto what great reward I can not say.
Robert Bridges.